

NSFW Drabbles by Oldguybones

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: All smut, M/M, PWP, Various Universes of Reddie

Language: English

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-05-01

Updated: 2019-11-29

Packaged: 2019-12-19 02:21:11

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 14

Words: 21,654

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A series of NSFW drabbles from a tumblr prompt list.

1. "Everyone Was Staring At You Tonight."

"Everyone was staring at you tonight."

These words were whispered in between messy kisses as the two stumbled through the door of their shared condo. Richie's hands were planted firmly on Eddie's hips, guiding him backwards through the doorway and into their living room. The second the door clicked behind him, Eddie curled his fingers in Richie's shirt and pulled his entire weight against him as his back hit the wall with a rough thud. Richie attached his lips firmly to Eddie's neck, pressing hot, open mouthed kisses against the tender flesh. He relished in the breathy moan to escape from his husband's lips. He didn't even break this contact as he toed off his shoes and kicked them off behind him.

"I mean it," Richie practically growled, cupping both of Eddie's cheeks and bringing their lips together in a long, heated kiss. Eddie parted his lips and welcomed Richie's tongue into his mouth. After a minute, Richie broke the kiss and strung a line of kisses along his jaw. They trailed back down to his neck, where Richie found himself unable to help the dark mark he sucked into Eddie's skin. "Everyone in there saw how beautiful you are. They all wanted you."

Eddie watched, enthralled as Richie slowly fell to his knees. He pushed up his shirt and took his time covering his chest and stomach with kisses. Every now and then, he grazed his teeth against his skin, delighted when Eddie let out a sound of surprise.

"They wanted you the way I have you," Richie said with a smirk. He raked his nails down over Eddie's thighs, groaning as his nails slightly dug into the soft skin. He looked up at Eddie, his fingers skillfully undoing his husband's pants without breaking the eye contact they held. He slowly slid the zipper down, teasingly kissing along the waistband before hooking his fingers into it and dropping his pants to the floor. His underwear followed quickly after, leaving him completely exposed.

"Richie," he moaned gently, his fingers grabbing at Richie's mess of curls.

“You had fun tonight, didn't you?” Richie asked, wrapping his hand around his length and giving it a few lazy strokes. He ran his tongue along the underside, lips curling up in a smirk at the way Eddie's whole body shudder under his touch. “Tell me the truth. Did you enjoy yourself?”

Eddie could hardly keep it together long enough to answer with the way Richie let the tip of his dick rest against his lips. All he could manage was a frantic nod, followed by a quiet whimper. Richie smiled at this, the thought of attending another party made the heat pooling in his stomach intensify. One hand gripped Eddie's hip while the other was wrapped around the base of his dick. He kept his eyes fixed on Eddie as he parted his lips and took him into his mouth. The action caused Eddie to tug on the hold he had on Richie's hair, which, in turn, made Richie moan around Eddie.

“Oh baby, yes,” Eddie hissed, letting his head fall back to rest against the wall.

Richie bobbed his head, trying each time to take more and more into his mouth. His long fingers stroked along the base, moving in time with his lips. He pulled back after a minute, trying to catch his breath as he let his lips run along the side of his length. Teasingly, he ran his tongue slowly along the underside, swirling it around the head a few times and only relenting when he heard Eddie let out a soft whine of his name.

When Eddie made sounds like that, Richie found it hard to refuse whatever he was asking for. So Richie looked up at him as he sank his mouth down on his dick, slowly but not stopping until his nose was pressed flush against Eddie's skin. He gripped Richie's hair even tighter, using the hold to keep his head in place. Richie continued looking up at Eddie, who was unable to hold back moan after moan of his husband's name. He swallowed, and subsequently gagged, around Eddie's length, knowing both the sound and feel of his action drove Eddie absolutely crazy. Richie pulled back with a smirk, wiping the spit from his mouth with the back of his hand.

“*Look at me,*” Richie demanded, his hand keeping up a steady rhythm of stroking his cock. He was met with Eddie's soft brown eyes staring down at him, now darkened with lust. “I'm gonna suck you off until

you come down my throat.”

“Richie please,” Eddie begged, his teeth tugging at his bottom lip.

Richie didn't reply with words, but instead replaced his hand with his mouth, taking Eddie's entire length into his mouth with each stroke. Each hand found its way to each of Eddie's cheek, digging into the pliant flesh. Richie moaned at the feel of it beneath his fingers and used this hold to urge Eddie's hips forward, into a rhythm with his mouth.

He could tell Eddie was close; the ragged breathing, the way he chanted his name over and over and over again, as if it was the only thing his brain could produce. Stilling his movements as Eddie's entire length was in his mouth, Richie moaned around him once again, letting the vibrations send a shiver down his spine. He swallowed around Eddie and moved his hand to cradle his balls, playing gently with them as he trailed his lips back up the length of Eddie's dick, teasing the head with his tongue.

“C'mon baby,” he purred, sucking just the head into his mouth. He teased right under it with the tip of his tongue, smirking at the way Eddie's leg shook involuntarily, “I wanna swallow your come.”

Eddie nodded frantically, using his hold on Richie's hair to guide his mouth down. He bobbed his head a few more times before he felt Eddie's hips jut forward, accompanied by a broken moan as he came. Richie held still as he felt his husband's come at the back of his throat, waiting until he knew Eddie was done then slowly pulling off. As promised, he swallowed every last drop as he stood, grabbing both of Eddie's cheeks to lock their lips together in a messy kiss.

Eddie broke the kiss with a satisfied groan, “Your turn.”

Richie laughed softly, scooping Eddie up and throwing him over his shoulder. He gave Eddie's ass a playful smack, “Mmmm, it'll be my turn when I've got my dick buried inside you.”

Eddie was hard again before they even made it to the bedroom.

2. "I Need To Be Inside You."

Every single nerve in Eddie's body was on fire as they walked into the party. It was presumably due to the scandalous nature of what they were about to engage in, but Eddie found it to be an equal mix of apprehension and excitement. After the first one they attended resulted in the best head he'd ever received, he was eager to see what the outcome of this one would be. "Just checking it out," was one thing, but "we'll see what happens," was entirely different.

Ahead of time they decided upon a couple of signals, one physical and one verbal. At any time during the party, if either of them wanted out of their current situation, three taps on their nose would alert the other person of a desire to leave. Similarly, if they were wrapped up in a conversation they wanted out of, the use of the word *beetlejuice* would serve the same purpose.

Eddie was determined not to use either; he wanted this just as much as Richie did and, while he knew they established these signals for a reason, he really hoped he wouldn't need to use either. Only time would tell.

For the first half of the party, they mingled around together, each nursing a drink as they chatted with a wide variety of people and couples. Richie's arm remained around him this whole time, whether it was around his shoulders or around his waist, hand resting on his hip. The familiarity brought a sense of comfort to Eddie's burning nerves.

Richie leaned down to whisper in Eddie's ear, "How're you doing baby?"

"Good," Eddie murmured with a smile.

The biggest grin broke over Richie's face as he leaned down to give Eddie a long, deep kiss. "Should we check out the second floor?"

Eddie swallowed the lump in his throat. As they had been informed, the second floor was where "all the action" took place. It was a rule, among a handful of others. The first floor was purely for socializing;

second floor was strictly for those who wanted to act on their desires. Their host for the evening had listed a few uses and it was easy to fill in the gaps themselves.

Eddie nodded meekly to this proposal. Part of his nerves stemmed from raw intimidation; there seemed to be plenty of people at the party who appeared to be more experienced at something like this. He had to remind himself that Richie was in the exact same boat as he was.

Richie stared down at him, his blue eyes squinting slightly in consideration. He could tell that Eddie was hesitant and, if he thought for a split second that Eddie wasn't into this, they would be out the door so incredibly fast they would be nursing whiplash all night. "Eds," he said softly, reaching up to stroke a thumb over his crimson cheek, "We don't have to do anything you don't want to do. We can leave right now."

"I don't want to!" Eddie exclaimed, almost desperately, surprising both himself and his husband. "I mean, I want to do this! Whatever *this* is."

Richie let out a quiet groan, tilting Eddie's chin up to press a kiss to his lips, "You are so fucking sexy."

The redness in his cheeks darkened at these words; how Richie could still make him blush after almost seven years of marriage was beyond him.

Eddie smiled against Richie's lips, "I love you," he whispered, before taking Richie's hand in his own and guiding them towards the stairs. Whatever mental imagery Eddie concocted in his mind paled in comparison to the sight he was greeted with when they reached the top of the stairs. Eddie stopped dead in his tracks, feeling Richie press against him as he reached the top.

"Wow," Richie whispered in awe himself.

The stairs opened into a living room, occupied by a handful of couches and chairs. Scattered across them were multiple couples; some were making out passionately while a couple of them took it

even further. To the left there was a long hallway, consisting of many different rooms, all of which had their doors open. The two of them ventured slowly down the hallway, peeking into each room and, in that brief time, witnessing things they had only seen before in porn.

“Woah, they're all fucking,” Richie muttered to himself, earning a shocked nod from his husband. Eddie's eyes were captured by a guy in the room, on his hands and knees while his partner pounded into him from behind. Richie seemed to sense this, his own gaze bouncing between the sight before them and Eddie's transfixed expression. After a minute, Eddie spun around to face Richie, his cheeks still bright red. Richie's eyes trailed down and noticed the bulge in his pants, lips curling up in a smirk as he backed Eddie up against the nearest wall. His lips crashed against Eddie's in a desperate, hungry kiss. Both of his hands found their way to Eddie's ass, guiding his body to rut against his own. Richie moved his hips forward and pinned Eddie's to the wall, grinding their clothed erections together. The sound of Eddie's moans were swallowed by Richie's mouth, his tongue eagerly sliding against his husband's.

The only reason they pulled apart was the sound of a voice from inside the room, calling out to them, “There's a free chair in here if you guys want,” There was a short pause, filled with a couple loud moans, “We don't mind company.”

“The way he was looking at you makes me want to fuck you right now,” Richie growled against his lips, “In front of everyone.”

Eddie couldn't help the chuckle that escaped his lips, “Oh yeah, uh huh, sure!” he said mockingly, “Why don't you just fuck me right here, in front of all these people? That's crazy!”

“I don't care,” Richie replied, his hand sneaking down to palm Eddie through his pants. “I need to be inside you.”

“You're serious,” Eddie stated, breathless from both arousal and disbelief.

Richie's hands moved up to grab Eddie's cheeks, forcing their gazes to meet, “We wanted to see what could happen,” Richie reminded him, “This could happen. If you want it to.”

Eddie thought about tapping out in that moment; he just couldn't believe this was happening. Never in his wildest dreams did he think something like this was going to happen tonight. But the thought of Richie inside of him where anyone and everyone could see exhilarated him in a way he'd never experienced before. The nervousness running through him made it difficult to respond with words, so instead he stood on his tip toes to press a crushing kiss to his husband's lips.

Richie grinned into the kiss, wider than Eddie had ever seen. He couldn't help the surprised gasp he let out when Richie hoisted him up, guiding his legs to wrap around his waist. His fingers curled in the fabric of Richie's t-shirt, where it stretched over his shoulders. Slowly, Richie walked them into the room, searching for the aforementioned chair and sitting down in it. He brought Eddie down with him to straddle his lap. He let out a moan as he leaned forward to kiss Richie, their bodies rubbing together. Richie took advantage of his parted lips, sliding his tongue into his mouth and engaging him in a messy kiss as he slid a hand over Eddie's hip to tease the skin right above his waistband.

With a smirk, his hand delved into Eddie's jeans and underwear, running a long finger between his cheeks. Eddie moaned softly against his lips, arching back into the touch. He buried his face in Richie's neck, placing desperate, scattered kisses against the slightly sweaty skin as Richie brushed a finger over his hole.

"Richie please," Eddie begged, a sound he was convinced only Richie could hear. But he was proven wrong, when he heard a voice call out, different from the first one they heard. He sat up slightly, just in time as Richie caught the object that was thrown in his direction.

Richie chuckled softly as he examined the object, realizing it was exactly what they needed. "Hey, thanks man," he called back, in appreciation. Eddie peeked over to confirm his suspicions, his cheeks turning a deeper shade of red as he stared at the lube in Richie's hand. The reality of the situation came crashing back down around him.

"You good?" Richie murmured gently, looking up at his partner.

Eddie nodded eagerly, locking his husband in another deep kiss. Richie undid his jeans, just enough to shove them down a little and give him better access. Eddie whimpered as he felt a lubed finger circle over his hole a few times, before slowly sliding in. He pressed a line of open mouth kisses to Richie's jaw, his lips stilling there as Richie worked the first finger into him. A soft gasp escaped him when another finger joined the first. Eddie knew that, if they were both determined enough, he could come just like this, with Richie's fingers buried deep inside him. But right now, it just wasn't enough.

"C'mon baby," Eddie whined quietly, pressing his hips back against Richie's fingers.

"Patience, my love," Richie responded, an extremely smug tone in his voice as he added a third finger.

Eddie kept rocking against Richie, delighted by the friction of their bodies rubbing together as his husband's long fingers stretched him out. Whether he forgot about their surroundings or just didn't care anymore, it didn't matter, because the loud, strung out groan he elicited from Eddie when his fingers brushed against his prostate made his dick twitch with desire.

After a couple more minutes, mostly to thoroughly prep him but also partially to torture him, Richie removed his fingers and gave Eddie's ass a gentle smack. "Stand up. Turn around. Pants down."

Eddie eagerly obliged, slipping off his lap and standing in front of Richie, who smugly remained seated. The sight caused a pool of heat to stir inside him; it was strengthened even more so as his eyes fell upon the scene unfolding on the bed across the room. The man who had previously been on his hands and knees had now been pushed onto his stomach, his partner's face buried between his cheeks. His concentration was drawn back to Richie as he felt another smack against his bare cheek. He looked back and noticed his husband's hand wrapped around his now freed dick, tugging his bottom lip between his teeth at the mouth watering sight. Eddie quickly shoved his pants down to his ankles, stepping back to stand between Richie's spread legs. He let Richie's hand on his hip guide him back, moaning when that hand moved up to his back, applying enough pressure to coax him into slightly bending over.

“Richie,” he whimpered, resting his hands on either of Richie's legs, blunt nails digging into his thighs as he felt the head of his dick press against his hole. An elongated hiss followed when he shifted his hips back, slowly but surely taking in all of Richie thick length. “Fuck yes.”

Richie had one hand gripping Eddie's hip, keeping him still as he adjusted, while his other hand raked its nails up and down his back. It wasn't long before Eddie moved his hips forward, stopping right when only the tip was inside him. He shifted back to take the length once again, letting out a series of whimpers and moans as he slowly built a rhythm. Groan after groan from his husband and the eyes of the strangers now fixed on him spurred him on, encouraging him to press his hips back even faster and deeper.

“Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck,” Richie groaned, grabbing his cheeks and spreading them apart, appreciating the clear sight of his dick sliding into his husband. “You're so fucking incredible, Eds.”

Eddie simply moaned in response; he could tell his release was approaching but it wasn't enough. He desperately craved the feeling of Richie slamming into him, right into his prostate. He needed it more than words could explain.

“Baby,” he whimpered, looking over his shoulder at Richie, “I need you.”

“Need me to what?”

“More. Faster. Harder! Please!”

Richie used his grip on Eddie's hips to guide him off his dick, pushing him in the direction of the bed. “Go bend that pretty little ass over the bed.”

Eddie nodded mindlessly, shuffling over to the bed and obediently bending over the foot of it. Richie joined him seconds later, wasting no time in sinking back into him and building the quick, rough rhythm he desired. The sounds coming from Eddie were clearly not stifled in any sort of way, practically screaming in pleasure as Richie repeatedly rammed against his prostate.

“Yes! Yes! YES!” Eddie cried out, reaching his hand down to jerk his neglected cock, trying to match the fast strokes of Richie's dick inside him. “Richie, right there! Yes! Don't stop!”

The way Richie's nails sank into Eddie's tender skin was bound to leave marks as he pulled Eddie's hips back to meet his. “Never,” he growled, matching each of his words with a sharp thrust, “Not until you come while everyone watches.”

“I'm gonna,” Eddie promised, nodding frantically as he continued to stroke his painfully hard dick. It only took a few more, paired with the continual attention to his prostate, before he let out a long moan of his husband's name and finally succumbed to what was one of the most powerful orgasms he had ever experienced. His arm gave out from under him, his front half collapsing onto the bed in exhaustion. He turned his head and peered over his shoulder with a satisfied smile, “You gonna come now?”

Eddie barely had time to get these words out, Richie's thrusts becoming erratic before stilling completely as his release washed over him. A content moan from Eddie mingled with the one of his name falling from Richie's lips as he buried his come inside him. Richie braced a hand near Eddie's shoulder on the bed, preventing him from completely collapsing on his partner as he leaned down to press a kiss between his shoulder blades. “I love you,” he murmured against Eddie's skin.

Before Eddie could echo the sentiment, the tender moment was interrupted by the sound of the room's other two occupants seemingly reaching their own releases. Richie used this opportunity to slowly pull out, rubbing a hand over Eddie's back at the soft wince this action elicited.

Eddie pulled up his pants, his cheeks flushed from exertion as his eyes stole another glance at the other couple, watching them also collect themselves.

“Thanks for the show,” one of them said, winking as the two of them walked by and out the door. The second they were alone, the two of them burst out in laughter. Eddie wrapped his arms around Richie's waist, smiling when he felt Richie's arms around his shoulders.

"I can't believe we just did that," Eddie chuckled, burying his face in Richie's chest. When he pulled back, he was met with a wide grin on his husband's face.

"I can't wait to see what happens next time."

3. "You Can't Come Until I Say."

Notes for the Chapter:

If you haven't guessed, all these are set in the same universe. Late twenties Reddie, married, exploring their sexualities. Also, there's light choking kink in this chapter.

Knock. Knock. Knock. Knock. Knock.

Eddie stood at the sink of his best friend's bathroom, washing his hands when he heard the rapid knocking on the door. "I'll be out in a minute," he called out, drying his hands on the gray hand towel. His brows furrowed in annoyance as the knocking continued.

"Holy shit, I'm done!" he exclaimed as he flung the door open. Standing on the other side of the door was his husband, a look etched on his face that Eddie was far too familiar with. His lips were pressed tightly together, his usually bright blue eyes seemed to darken a couple shades. Eddie didn't have much time to react before Richie was pushing his way inside, locking the door behind them.

"Richie, what are yo--"

His words were cut off by Richie lunging forward and crashing their lips together in a rough kiss. Eddie didn't have a mind to question it any further as he melted into the kiss, yelping in surprise when he felt Richie's teeth tug roughly on his bottom lip.

When they parted, Eddie found himself slightly breathless, his dick twitching in interest. Even after all these years, it was amazing to him how easily his husband could turn him on. Even more so when Richie tightly gripped his hips and spun him around, his back now to him. A second later, he saw exactly why as Richie pressed himself against Eddie, his clothed erection pressing against his ass.

A chuckle was on the tip of his tongue, because what in the world had Richie so worked up? But Eddie didn't get the chance to ask as Richie's hand trailed up his chest, his long fingers curling around his

throat.

“That thing you did in there,” he growled, leaning forward to where his lips were brushing against the shell of Eddie's ear, sending a violent shiver down his spine. “Drove me crazy.”

Eddie wanted to deny it. But the only sound his body would omit was a loud moan at the sudden grip around his throat.

“You knew exactly what you were doing,” Richie went on, grinding his hips forward and groaning at the friction it caused. “C'mon Eds, no one opens their mouth that wide to eat a fucking hot dog.”

Eddie's cheeks flushed a soft pink at the accusation, mostly due to the fair amount of truth behind it. His actions were purposeful; he intended to tease Richie a bit but he definitely wasn't expecting such a big reaction out of such a small action. All he did was open his mouth a little too wide, and maybe take a bigger bite than he normally would. But perhaps what finally pushed Richie over the edge was the prolonged eye contact he held the entire time he did this.

Eddie shrugged his shoulders, in a way he hope came off as casual, but he was smart enough to know that Richie knew him better, that he could see right through his act. “I don't know what you're talking about.

The grip around his throat tightened, eliciting a soft whine from him. Richie smirked at the sound, “Yeah, that's what I thought,” he murmured in his ear, his fingers gripping the waistband of his shorts. “Here's what's going to happen. I'm gonna do whatever I want to you until you're begging me to come.”

Eddie whimpered and shifted his hips back, an action that caused Richie to let out a low groan. “How's that sound?” he asked; his voice was still clouded with lust but his intentions were strictly focused on his approval. Despite how turned on he was, Richie would pull the plug if he sensed even the slightest bit of hesitation from his partner.

“Bring it.”

Richie chuckled softly to himself. Eddie always possessed so much confidence at the beginning of exchanges like this, but by the end, that confidence was shattered, replaced by tearful begging for release. Just the way Richie liked it. After all, he'd spent nearly five minutes sitting among their five friends, trying to hold a conversation while he watched his husband teasingly eat a very phallic shaped food.

With a smug grin, he yanked down the short, red shorts his husband wore, letting them pool around his ankles. "Mmmmm," he hummed in approval, his large hand grabbing one of his cheeks. "No underwear today."

Eddie let out a soft moan in response, the sound fading to a shocked gasp as he felt Richie plant his hand between his shoulders, pushing him to bend over at the waist. He rested his chest against the counter, shifting his hips back to poke his ass out towards his husband.

"Eager huh?" Richie chuckled, retrieving the small bottle that he shoved in his pocket right before they left. Call it a hunch, but something told Richie they would be needing it at some point during the evening. He was right after all.

Eddie's cheeks were dusted a light pink as he watched the scene unfold in the mirror. The heat pooling in his stomach made him ache with desire; the sight of his husband's long fingers gripping his throat while his other hand fumbled to pop the cap on the lube was almost too much for him.

"Baby, please," Eddie whined impatiently, watching Richie's lips turn up in a smirk.

"There we go," Richie muttered, rubbing a lubed up finger between Eddie's cheeks. He slowly brought it down to rub teasingly circles around his hole, purposefully missing it with each stroke. "That's the spirit. You better start begging now because you can't come until I say."

Eddie whimpered, both at these words and the tip of Richie's finger pressing into him. He tried to press his hips back, desperate for *more*. But the hand from his throat moved down to grab his hip, keeping

him still as he kept a tormentingly slow pace.

Eddie groaned in frustration, his fingers struggling to find purchase on the counter top. "Richie, c'mon, fuck!"

"Better be quiet Eds," Richie said teasingly, leaning forward to bite the side of his neck, soothing the mark it left with his tongue. "Everyone's downstairs. Someone could hear you." Richie marked these words by sliding his finger all the way into his husband.

Despite Richie's words, Eddie couldn't help the drawn out moan that left his lips. Such a familiar sensation stirred up feelings of the satisfaction he knew would washed over him soon. Even more so when Richie brought a second finger to tease his rim.

Eddie shuddered in anticipation. Pleading words were on the tip of his tongue, but there was a soft *knock, knock* that prevented them. Eddie tensed up at the sound, meeting Richie's smug gaze in the mirror.

"Eddie? Are you okay?" Bev asked from the other side of the door.

"Better tell them you're okay," Richie whispered, stilling his fingers, one still buried inside him.

"They're gonna know something's up if we're both in here," Eddie hissed quietly.

Richie leaned in and brought his lips right up to Eddie's ear, sending another shiver down his spine when he whispered, "They think I'm out back smoking."

"Yea--"

Eddie's response was cut off when Richie took the opportunity to quickly slide a second finger in. He almost didn't catch the noise in time before it left his throat and shot his hand up to cover his mouth. It came out muffled, but Eddie was sure Bev still heard it.

"Do you want me to go get Richie?" she asked, tone clearly voicing her concern.

Richie snickered from behind him, thrusting his fingers all the way into him.

"I'm fine!" he called out, immediately clamping his hand back over his mouth as Richie kept up a steady pace with his fingers.

Bev didn't sound convinced in the slightest, but she let out a quiet, "Okaaaaay," and shortly after, the word was followed by the sound of receding footsteps.

Richie's fingers curled around Eddie's wrist, bringing his hand away from his mouth and behind his back. The first sound from Eddie's mouth was somewhere between a moan and sigh of relief. The softness of his sounds was short lived as Richie began pounding his fingers into his husband.

"Oh my god, oh fuck!" Eddie cried out, tugging his bottom lip between his teeth. "Please, please, please!"

"Baby, you look so fucking hot right now," Richie growled, pressing a hot, open mouthed kiss to the back of his neck. "You want more?"

Eddie nodded desperately, pushing back against Richie's fingers. "Yes, please! I wanna come so bad!"

Richie hummed in thought, slowing his pace as he added a third finger, immediately finding Eddie's prostate. "Hmmm, I don't think you've begged enough," he mused as he released his hold on Eddie's wrist and moved his hand down to wrap around his hard length.

"Please," Eddie whispered, beyond desperate at this point as tears gathered in the corners of his eyes. "Please Richie, I need it!"

Richie leaned forward to attach his lips to Eddie's neck, relishing in the strangled moan to come from his husband as he kept a fast pace with his fingers. He continued burying his fingers inside him, managing to hit his prostate head on with each thrust. His thumb brushed over the head of Eddie's dick with every stroke, knowing the small sensation drove him wild.

"Richie," he groaned, squeezing his eyes shut as he struggled to hold off the release he knew would hit any second. "I don't. I can't. Please

baby, please! Let me come! Please, I need to so bad. I need you to let me,” Eddie babbled, nearing a completely incoherent mess.

“Alright love. Cover your mouth and you can come whenever,” Richie whispered in his ear, speeding up his pace even more as he rammed his fingers repeatedly against Eddie's prostate, his hand tightening its grip on his length.

Eddie clamped his hand back over his mouth, his entire body shaking as his release crashed down upon him. Despite the sound being muffled, it was obvious Eddie screamed his husband's name over and over as he spilled into his hand. Eddie dropped both his arms to lay on the counter, resting his head down on them. His legs threatened to give out as Richie gently pulled his fingers out, pressing a kiss to the back of his neck as he did so. He grabbed some tissue to clean the both of them up and did his best to ignore the painful bulge in his pants.

“Damn Rich,” Eddie mumbled, lifting his head slightly to smile at Richie in the mirror. “That was amazing. But what about you?”

Richie smiled back at him, crouching down to tug his shorts back up for him and settling them on his hips. He pressed a kiss to the base of his spine, enjoying the way Eddie hummed in appreciation at the action.

His kisses trailed all the way up his spine, ending with a soft kiss right behind his ear. “You go talk to all our friends and think about how I'm up here, jerking off to the thought of my fingers buried in your ass.”

“Baby,” Eddie whined softly, the mere thought already stirring up a little heat in his belly. “Why would you tell me that?”

Richie laughed, giving Eddie's ass a playful smack, “Revenge.”

4. First Time BJ

“I think I want to give you a blow job.”

The sentence came from his boyfriend while the two of them were curled up on the couch, having devoured a bunch of take out a couple hours prior. They were now watching a movie in what Richie thought was comfortable silence, but the quiet request from Eddie made him choke on a breath. He took a moment to calm himself down, under the watchful eye of his boyfriend who was frowning in concern.

“What makes you say that, baby?” he asked, rubbing a hand over Eddie’s thigh.

Eddie’s cheeks were bright pink as he looked over at Richie, shyly tugging his bottom lip between his teeth. “I’ve been practically living here since you moved in and-”

“Woah, woah, woah,” Richie was quick to shake his head. Eddie had been staying with him almost every night to avoid going home; his mom didn’t approve of many aspects of his life, ranging from his career choice to his sexuality. He still remembered the story Eddie told him about his mom almost kicking him out when he turned 18 years a few years back. It broke Richie’s heart, so he didn’t mind when Eddie spent the night; in fact, it was really nice waking up beside Eddie every morning. “You don’t owe me anything for that. I love having you here.”

A fond smile crept onto Eddie’s lips, “I know. I just...” he sighed softly, struggling to find the words, or the courage, to express his desires. Richie, who he had met about a year ago, was his first everything, his first kiss, first time he’d seen another man naked, the first blow he’d ever received. They hadn’t slept together yet because they were taking things slow, Richie had been gracious enough to let Eddie set their pace and never once did he guilt Eddie for taking things as slow as he did.

“I want to,” Eddie finally got out, tracing random patterns along Richie’s arm. The other morning he had been brushing his teeth in

the bathroom while Richie was showering and he caught a glimpse of his naked body in the mirror, all bare and dripping wet. It had been days and he still wasn't able to stop thinking about it.

Richie smiled, reaching up to cup both of Eddie's cheeks and kiss him softly. "Well then, who am I to stop you?" he joked, completing it with a wink in Eddie's direction.

"It's not gonna be much good," Eddie murmured, averting his gaze from Richie's in shame.

"It will be perfect," Richie assured him, tucking his finger under Eddie's chin to tilt his head up so he could kiss him again, once on the lips and once on the forehead. "It's you, and that's all that matters to me."

Half an hour later found the two of them in the bedroom, both sitting on the edge of the bed, side by side. Richie was clad in nothing but a pair of boxers, his hair wet from the shower he'd just taken. Eddie had told him it wasn't necessary, but Richie insisted on being clean for Eddie's first time sucking dick. He wanted Eddie to be comfortable for the experience.

He set a pillow down on the floor in front of him, for Eddie's knees. He leaned over to kiss Eddie again, "You don't have to do this if you're not ready."

Eddie blushed and moved to kneel down on the floor in front of Richie. "I really want to," he insisted as he reached up to rub his hand over the growing bulge in Richie's boxers. "I like feeling you get hard," he whispered shyly, blushing under the gaze of Richie's blue eyes.

"Yeah?" Richie asked, grinning ear to ear.

Eddie nodded, stroking Richie curiously through his boxers. The thin fabric did little to hold him back and he could feel the entire length of his boyfriend through it. "You're so big."

Richie's head rolled back as he let out a groan, before leaning down to kiss Eddie happily, "And you are perfect for saying that."

“You are,” Eddie pressed, his hands shaking slightly as he reached up to grab the waistband of Richie’s boxers.

“Here, baby,” Richie murmured softly, raising his hips slightly so he can shove his boxers down his legs and kick them off.

Eddie gasped in surprise as Richie’s hard cock sprang free. He swallowed hard, his tongue darting out to lick his lips. As soon as Richie sat back down on the edge of the bed, Eddie rested a hand on his thigh and wrapped his fingers around the hard length. He held it around the base and leaned forward, letting his tongue slowly lick over the head.

Richie let out a breathy groan, combing his fingers through Eddie’s hair and resting his hand on the side of his head. It wasn’t to pressure him, just a casual, affectionate touch that was second nature to both of them by now.

Eddie let the head of Richie’s cock slid against his tongue, wrapping his lips around the head and sucking experimentally. He smiled at the reaction it drew from his boyfriend, a sharp inhale and a gentle press of his fingers against his scalp. Pulling back, he looked up at Richie coyly as he brushed his tongue under the head. Under the lustful gaze of his boyfriend, he could feel himself getting hard; he loved the weight of Richie’s cock on his tongue and the sounds he elicited from him were even better.

He took Richie back into his mouth, moaning around him as he trailed his lips down further this time. He bobbed his head a few times, taking Richie down as far as he could before pulling back suddenly with a gag. “Mmm, sorry,” he murmured with a blush, pumping his fist over Richie’s cock while he caught his breath.

“You don’t have to be sorry, Eds,” Richie said gently, brushing the blonde locks out of his face. “You’re making me feel so good.”

“Yeah?” Eddie asked hopefully, leaning down to suck on the head once again while his hand continued to jerk the length of what wasn’t in his mouth.

Richie nodded, emitting a drawn out groan, “Yeah baby,” he

murmured, “And you look so pretty with your lips around my cock.”

Eddie whimpered around him and began rhythmically bobbing his head over Richie’s length. He gained a fair amount of confidence, both from the ease of finally doing it and all the pleased noises from Richie, mainly in the form of swearing under his breath with a dash of crying out his name. He managed to swallow down the majority of Richie’s length, holding his position firm as he stared up at Richie from behind his lashes.

“Holy shit, Eds,” Richie cursed, resting his hand on the back of Eddie’s neck. “You’re fucking incredible. Don’t stop. You’re gonna make me come.”

The sentence sent a shot of arousal to his gut, making his erection ache between his legs. He moaned around Richie and went back to bobbing his head, proud of himself for not gagging. He pulled back and swirled his tongue around the head. “Do you like having your balls played with?” he asked shyly, pumping his hand over the entire length of Richie’s cock as he waited for an answer.

“Oh god, baby, fuck yes, get in there,” Richie groaned, taking Eddie’s free hand and guiding it to his balls.

Eddie chuckled fondly, massaging his balls as he took him back into his mouth. He sucked on the head, rubbing his tongue lightly over his frenulum. He relished the way Richie’s leg shook in reaction. He continued working both his hands over Richie, glancing up at him. “Do you want me to swallow?”

Richie let out a groan at the innocently curious words that came from his boyfriend’s lips, “You don’t have to do that, baby.”

“I wanna,” he murmured, his lips brushing against the tip. “It felt really good coming in your mouth and watching you swallow was hot so I wanna do that for you, too.”

“God, I love you,” Richie groaned, leaning down to kiss Eddie’s forehead. He leaned back after, letting Eddie get back to it. He kept his eyes fixed on Eddie as he eagerly bobbed his head over him. His cheeks were flushed pink and his eyes were slipped shut in content.

"I'm close, Eds," he gasped, his head falling back on his shoulders for just a second, before he realized that he didn't want to miss the sight of his boyfriend swallowing his come. And only a few bobs of his head later, that was exactly his view as he came, Eddie's hand working him through it while his head stilled. Once he was sure Richie was done, Eddie pulled back and swallowed, his eyes fluttering open to meet Richie's as he did.

The sight of Richie watching him like that turned him on to no end; even more so when Richie leaned down, cupping both of his cheeks and kissing him deeply. His tongue slid against Eddie's with a soft moan. "That was amazing," he whispered, brushing Eddie's hair back. He glanced down and chuckled, "I'd ask how you liked it, but it's kinda obvious."

Eddie chuckled, his cheeks still flushed pink. "I did. A lot. Thanks for letting me do it."

Richie let out a bark of laughter, pulling Eddie up off his knees and on top of him on the bed, "Baby, you can suck me off anytime you want."

Eddie moved to straddle Richie's lap, resting his hands on his chest and looking down at him with a sly smile. "I'll keep that in mind."

5. Richie Catches Eddie In The Middle Of Something

Richie couldn't be happier when his last class of the day got canceled. He rushed back to his dorm that he shared for the past year with his childhood best friend and longtime love of his life. Not that Eddie knew that last part but he was working on it, which some people might find debatable. But Richie had a 16 point plan and he was about to initiate phase 1 tonight.

His plan, however, did not include walking in on his roommate knuckle deep inside himself with his other hand wrapped around his bare, hard dick. Richie stood in the open doorway, his jaw dropped open in absolute shock; within seconds, he could feel a twitch of arousal shoot straight to his dick.

"Close the door!" Eddie exclaimed, frantically grabbing at his blanket near the foot of the bed to cover himself.

Richie lunged into the room and slammed the door behind him.

"I meant with you on the other side of it!" Eddie snapped, clutching his blanket to his chest as his cheeks continue to darken, now the brightest red Richie had ever seen them before.

"Shit, Eds, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to walk in on-on...that!"

"Don't say it like that!" Eddie cried out with a frown. "Like I was doing something wrong!"

"No, no, no!" Richie is quick to reply, shaking his head. His cheeks were beginning to burn and he could feel the throb of his dick in his jeans. He tried to hide the growing bulge with his backpack but it wasn't a smooth operation he was running with half his blood supply currently rushing south. He was panicking, spiraling and began over explaining, "There's nothing wrong with it! It's totally natural! I can leave if you wanna finish! You looked like you were kinda close and I don't want to keep you from that, Spaghettio!"

"Richie, will you please for once just shut up?" Eddie whispered, squeezing his eyes shut and shaking his head. There was no malice in

his voice; he wasn't saying that just for the sake of being mean. He was horrified to be caught in such a position and it didn't help that all he could focus on was the glimpse of...no, there was no way Richie was hard. It must've been the lighting or his mind playing tricks on him. He hung his head down in embarrassment, unable to meet Richie's gaze.

"Roger that," Richie affirmed, giving a lackluster salute and backing towards his bed, backpack still awkwardly held in front of his crotch.

Eddie peeked up, a slight frown etched on his face, one made up of confusion and disbelief. "What're you doing? Why're you holding your backpack like that?"

Richie sighed, figuring there was no use lying to Eddie, not that he even could in the first place. He let his backpack fall from his lap to the floor beside his bed. "Because I'm a wee bit hard right now," he confessed, putting on the disguise of a crappily done accent to mask his true feelings.

"You are?" Eddie gasped in a way that was shocked and flattered all at the same time. He could still feel the heat in his cheeks and more importantly the ache of his erection between his legs, still throbbing and showing no signs of going away.

"Yeah, are you kidding me?" Richie asked in a laugh, rubbing a hand over the back of his neck, "That was quite a show I walked in on."

Eddie fell silent, biting his lip and racking his brain for something to say, anything at all. Tentatively, he met Richie's gaze, stifling a sound bubbling up in his throat at the hungry look in his eyes. The thought of Richie looking at him like that, desiring him, turned him on even further; he wanted more of that feeling. He wanted Richie.

"You liked what you saw?" Eddie asked, his voice barely breaking above a whisper.

Richie gave him an incredulous look, loosely gesturing down to his lap. "You really gotta ask?"

"Do you wanna watch?" he asked slowly, obvious hesitance behind

his words. It was a ludicrous idea to even suggest and the thought wouldn't have crossed his mind if Richie hadn't reacted the way he had to the situation. But he was still painfully hard and ached to have some relief again.

All Richie could do was nod dumbly. Words were pointless right now because his throat was so dry; even if it wasn't, he wouldn't be able to form any anyways. It also lowered the risk of him saying something to ruin this opportunity. Eddie was beyond gorgeous on any ordinary day, but to see him like this? There was a chance Richie would combust at the mere thought of it.

Eddie grabbed onto his blanket with a shaky hand, pulling it to the side and letting it fall to the ground to expose his bare lower half. He was vaguely aware of Richie shifting across the room, but he couldn't quite work up the nerve to look at him while he was so vulnerable and in the open. He gave himself a few moments to work up the courage to wrap his hand around himself once again. Unable to hold it back, he let out a soft groan as he began slowly stroking his hand over his cock.

"Holy shit, Eds," Richie whispered in awe. His hands were clenched into fists by his side, struggling not to touch himself. It was so hard (pun intended) to keep his hands to himself, or away from himself in this case.

At these words, Eddie finally worked up the nerve to look over at Richie and when he did, he couldn't stop the whimper from leaving his lips. He could tell, even from across the room, how hard Richie was and also how strongly he was holding back. Eddie took a deep breath as he continued to jerk himself off and called out to Richie, "You could...move closer if you want to..."

Richie's jaw dropped and he practically fell over himself racing over to Eddie's bedside. He sat down on the edge of it, looking up at Eddie's face, which had a light layer of sweat covering it and was still very much flushed pink. "Is this okay?" he asked, unsure and not wanting to cross any boundaries.

Eddie bit his lip shyly and nodded, his head falling back on his pillow while his eyes slipped shut.

Richie couldn't believe this was happening; he found himself captivated by the sight before him. It felt like a dream come true to be witnessing something like this. "Do you want me to move so you can...you know, do the do?"

Eddie's eyes snapped open to glare at Richie in confusion, "Do the do?"

"Yeah, you know..." he trailed off, gesturing with his middle and index fingers. It was just vulgar enough to get the point across.

Eddie shook his head as he continued slowly pumping his fist over his length. "No, that's okay, I couldn't quite get the right angle anyways."

In years to come, Richie would never be able to explain why he replied so quickly with, "I could help you with that."

Eddie swallowed the lump in his throat, his hand stilling as he stared blankly at Richie.

"Or not!" Richie was quick to stammer out. "I mean, if that's weird, just pretend I didn't say anything! Better yet, just pretend I'm not even here!"

"Would you really...?" Eddie asked hesitantly, trying to mask the hopefulness to his voice. The thought of having Richie's fingers inside him exhilarated him in the most nerve wracking way.

Richie's eyes went comically wide as he nodded eagerly, "Fuck yeah I would! That's what friends do, right? It's just one friend helping out another friend."

Eddie nodded in agreement and pointed towards the bedside table, "Lube's over there."

"Damn Eds, wasting no time," he murmured, reaching out with an excitedly shaky hand to grab the tube. He squirted some onto his fingers and glanced down, a blush rising to his cheeks. He loosely gestured to Eddie's legs, "Can you uh, spread them a bit?"

They both seemed to turn red at this, but Eddie nodded and complied

regardless.

Richie was sure he had died and gone to heaven because the sight of Eddie spreading his legs was almost too much for him to handle. But he had a task at hand and there was nothing more he'd rather be doing than bringing his childhood crush to a state of satiated bliss. He thanked every higher power that possibly existed for his class being canceled. Screw getting an education, he was about to learn something even better.

"Let me know if it's too much or you wanna stop," Richie told him gently as he brought his middle finger down to rub over his hole. He relished in the soft little exhale it elicited from Eddie. With a deep breath to calm his shaky nerves, he pushed his finger forward; he couldn't help the gasp that escaped his lips when it finally eased all the way inside.

Eddie let out a quiet moan, head resting back against the pillow once again as he took in deep, calming breaths. He slid his closed fist over the length of his dick a few times. The action made him moan again when it synced up to the movement of Richie's finger pumping into him.

"Another one, please," Eddie requested, his free hand grasping at the sheets beneath them.

Richie wasn't sure he could deny Eddie anything if he tried. At this point, that was the absolute last thing he wanted so he eased his index finger in as well, groaning softly to himself at the feeling of Eddie's warm heat around him. His mind seemed to quickly stray to thoughts of what it'd be like to have that wrapped around his cock, but he had to shove them away and focus on what was before him. The most beautiful person he'd ever known in the most compromising position. The fact that he was giving Eddie this pleasure blew his mind, all he wanted to do was give him more and more.

He looked up at Eddie, continuing to work his fingers into him. "Hey Eds, if you want, I could suck you off a bit too."

What he didn't expect was for Eddie to shake his head; in his short

dick sucking career, he'd never known anyone to turn down a blowjob when offered.

Luckily, before Richie could overthink things, Eddie added on, "If you did that, it'd be over way too quick."

Richie frowned in confusion, "Isn't that kinda the point? You know, to get off."

Then, along with his reply, Eddie locked eyes with him, his tongue darting out to wet his lips. "I want it to last."

Those words made Richie's stomach do a little flip. It made him feel all warm and fuzzy inside that Eddie wanted this experience to last, that it wasn't just a quick dump and run situation. Richie, too, wanted this experience to last, a lifetime would be preferable, but he would be happy with any amount of time he got to bring Eddie pleasure. And by the sounds he was making, Richie knew he was doing a decent job of it too.

His fingers were thrusting into Eddie at a rhythmic pace, not too fast, or slow and just deep enough to keep those gorgeous sounds spewing from Eddie's mouth. If Richie thought he was hard before, that was nothing compared to now.

"Oh god, that feels so good," Eddie moaned, his hips lightly grinding down against Richie's fingers. They were longer than his own and without the awkward angle, they were able to get much deeper than his own. He'd always wondered what it would be like, when he would catch himself staring at Richie's long fingers and they absolutely did not disappoint. "Just like that, Richie."

Richie's brain threatened to short circuit at the sound of his name falling from Eddie's lips like that, but he kept his composure the best he could and rationalized it with a weak, "That's what friends are for."

Eddie let out a groan, this one of distaste as he stilled his hand on his dick, "Please don't say that with your fingers inside of me."

Richie exhaled in a heart laugh, nodding his head and murmuring,

“That’s fair.” He found his gaze torn between Eddie’s face-eyes closed, lips parted, cheeks flushed-and between his legs, where he could watch his fingers disappearing into him. He was so transfixed by the sight of them completely buried inside him that he jumped slightly when Eddie let out a sudden, loud, cry of pleasure.

He chuckled, fondly, “Oh, that really did it for ya there, huh?” he asked, donning a heavy British accent as he continued pressing his fingers against the same spot.

Eddie’s free hand flew out to grab onto Richie’s arms, his nails digging into his skin in desperation. His other hand was pumping furiously over his length. “Please! I’m so close! Keep doing that!”

“The accent?” he teased, speeding up his pace and pounding his fingers into Eddie. He did his best to hit his prostate as often as he could. “Does it help? That’s kinda kinky, Eds.”

Eddie let out a whine, “No! Your fingers, please,” he persisted desperately, his bucking up against his own fist, “Don’t stop! Right there!”

Richie nodded seriously, bringing his free hand up to massage his balls; he hoped the action would help tip Eddie over the edge, he personally was a huge fan and as much as he wanted to take over jerking him off, Richie didn’t want to risk putting off his release, especially when he was so close. Maybe another time, Richie thought, desperately praying this wouldn’t be a one and done type of situation. The things he wanted to do to Eddie...there wasn’t enough time in the world to do it all.

Another couple minutes of Richie pounding his fingers into Eddie like both their lives depended on it and Eddie was finally coming, still holding onto Richie’s arm all the while. He let out a soft whimper as he worked himself through his release, hips pushing down against Richie’s fingers.

“Oh my god,” Eddie whispered, cheeks turning dark red once again as he shyly met Richie’s eyes. “Wow, that was...”

“Yeah,” Richie agreed with a chuckle, slowly pulling his fingers out.

“Thanks for uh, helping me out,” Eddie smiled up at him, surprised at how minimally awkward it felt. If any of his other friends had fingered him, there would definitely be awkwardness. But not with Richie; they always had a sort of chemistry between them and Eddie would be lying if he said he didn’t have some kind of feelings for his best friend.

Richie could feel it in the air and decided that he was going to go for it. Screw his 16 point plan; this was all 16 points smushed into one bold, brave, hail mary move, “I know this might sound stupid to ask since my fingers were just knuckle deep inside you, but can I kiss you?”

Eddie nodded, a huge grin breaking out onto his face, “Yeah, I’d really like that.”

Richie scooted further up on the bed, closer to Eddie and reached up with his clean hand to cup his cheek. Somehow this felt more nerve wracking, more intimate than what they had just done. Richie could feel the butterflies flapping around in his stomach as he leaned forward and pressed his lips to Eddie’s in a soft, lingering kiss, his lips capturing Eddie’s bottom lip between them. The contact sent sparks down his spine.

When they finally pulled apart, there was tender, intimate moment that passed before Eddie looked at him, with all the affectionate and fondness in the world and said, “That better have been your clean hand.”

And Richie swore he fell a little more in love with Eddie right then and there.

6. Size Differences

It was a chill Friday night in the Tozier-Kasprak apartment. The two had opted out of hitting the town and decided to stay in instead. They ordered some take out and curled up on the couch with a movie. It started out innocently enough until eventually Eddie's head moved to rest on Richie's thigh. Richie had chuckled awkwardly and tried to shift away from him, muttering something about getting a hard on.

Eddie didn't seem to mind, nuzzling his cheek against Richie's thigh. He only wore a pair of thin sweatpants so he could feel every little movement of his boyfriend's face, especially when he moved up higher and began nuzzling against his groin.

"Uh, Eds," he said, biting back a groan as his hand flew to rest on the side of Eddie's head.

Eddie emitted a loud, sudden moan and leaned into Richie's touch. "Your hand's so big, Richie," he gasped, turned on by the weight of Richie's hand on him. He let his lips brush against Richie's hardening length through his sweatpants, relishing the groan of pleasure it brought from his boyfriend's lips. "I like your cock too," he whispered, mouthing at the head, "It's big and I like when it stretches me open."

Richie's hips bucked up against Eddie's mouth, which wasn't even technically on him yet. "You're killing me, baby," he groaned, combing his fingers through Eddie's blonde hair.

"Just appreciating how big and sexy my boyfriend is," Eddie purred, fingers tugging at the waistband of his sweatpants.

Richie watched him in awe and reached down to help him tug his cock from the confines of his sweats. He rested his hand on Eddie's hip, appreciating the way his long fingers could practically curl entirely around his side. He let out a sigh of pleasure as Eddie slowly curled his lips around him.

Eddie kept his head resting on Richie's thigh as he leisurely sucked

on the head of his cock.

“Fuck baby, you’re so pretty like this,” Richie groaned, moving his hand to palm Eddie through his shorts.

Eddie hummed around him, squirming underneath Richie’s touch. “Take me to the bedroom?”

Richie didn’t need to hear anymore than that and promptly stood up, scooping Eddie up and throwing him over his shoulder. He kept his arm wrapped tightly around Eddie as he walked them to their room.

Eddie giggled at the sudden movement and walked his fingers down through the dark hair of Richie’s happy trail. He wrapped his fingers around Richie’s cock, slowly jerking his hand over it.

“I might drop you if you keep distracting me like that baby,” Richie warned him, smacking his hand lightly against Eddie’s ass.

“Can’t help it,” Eddie moaned softly, rubbing his thumb over the sensitive part of Richie’s head. “I want you.”

Richie smirked, tossing Eddie onto the bed and hungrily scanning over his body. He felt the heat of arousal shooting down his spine at the sight of Eddie’s short legs squirming in an attempt to gain some friction. All he wanted was to cover Eddie’s body with his own and envelop him all over. It turned him on to no end to know that he could.

“C’mon,” Eddie insisted impatiently, reaching up for Richie’s hand. He pulled him down so he was laying down on the bed beside him, his head resting on his pillow. The two shared a lustful look and then immediately began stripping off their clothes.

With a sly smile, Eddie reached over Richie to grab the lube from their nightstand and straddled his thighs, gasping as their erections brushed together. He squirted some lube onto both him and Richie; he tried to wrap his hand around the both of them, but he could barely get halfway. He stroked them both a few times before Richie intervened.

He chuckled smugly, knocking Eddie’s hand away and curling his

hand around the both of them, almost able to jerk them both off at the same time.

Eddie moaned both at the contact of Richie's hand and the amount of space it was able to cover. His eyes were fixed on his hand as it continued to stroke over the both of them. "Baby," Eddie moaned, looking up at Richie as he bit his lip. "Do you think you can reach from there and open me up?"

As it turned out, Richie could in fact open him up from their current position. He reached forward with thickly coated fingers and brushed their over Eddie's hole; it forced his hips forward slightly but he was able to fit three fingers into him from there and stretch him open.

Eddie's hands were squeezing Richie's broad shoulders, rocking his hips back against Richie's long fingers. He pressed his lips against Richie's stubbled jaw, "Rich, I want your big cock inside me. Now. Please."

"Alright baby," Richie said with a grin, grabbing the lube and coating his entire length once more for good measure. He grabbed Eddie's waist and easily shifted him forward to where his cock brushed in between Eddie's cheeks.

Eddie hummed in pleasure, reaching behind himself to hold Richie still as he pressed the head against his entrance.

"Holy shit, Eds," Richie groaned, tightly gripping his hips and tossing his head back in pleasure. "You feel incredible."

"Oh fuck, Richie, you're so fucking big," Eddie whined, his fingernails clawing against Richie's bare chest as he slowly eased his hips down to meet Richie's, enveloping his thick cock inside him. It was quite the stretch and it drove him crazy with desire to have Richie tucked inside of him so deep.

Richie tucked his hands under Eddie's and laced their fingers together. They both admired the size difference between their hands, Richie could easily curl his fingertips over Eddie's.

Eddie wiggled his hips down against Richie's, crying out in pleasure

at how deep Richie was inside him. "You're so deep," he whined, experimentally dragging his hips forward until just the head of Richie's cock was inside him. Letting out a moan of satisfaction, he pushed his hips back and took in the entirety of Richie's length.

Richie groaned loudly, watching Eddie in awe as he began to bounce in his lap. "Fuck," he swore, fingernails digging into the soft skin of Eddie's sides. He reached up to wrap his hand around Eddie's dick, stroking him in time with the movement of his hips. After all the attention Eddie had paid him, he wasn't sure how long he was going to last.

Eddie cried out, planting his hand on Richie's chest for support as he rocked his hips forward skillfully, speeding up his rhythm as his volume increased. He got louder and louder as he got quicker, pressing his hips quickly back against Richie's and seeking out his release. "Richie!"

"C'mon Eds," he grunted, continuing to stroke his cock while his other hand reached behind him to slightly smack his ass. "I want you to come. Come on my chest."

Eddie let out a whimper as Richie rammed against his prostate and immediately after, he found himself reaching his release, coming all over Richie's fist and chest. His fingernails dug into the skin of Richie's chest as he came down, his hips stilling for a moment.

Richie was about to tell Eddie to slide off of him so he could finish himself off, but Eddie just shook his head, slowly beginning to pick up the rhythm of his hips once again.

"Oh baby," Richie moaned, bucking his hips up to meet Eddie's, "You're a fucking dream."

Eddie ducked his head down and let out a soft whine. "Please, Richie."

Richie threaded his fingers through Eddie's hair and pulled him down against his chest; he captured his lips in a messy, deep kiss as he planted both of his feet on the bed and used the leverage to thrust up into Eddie.

“Yes, yes, yes,” he chanted, wrapping his other arm around Eddie’s waist. It only took a few more thrusts into him, before his hips were finally stilling and he was coming deep inside his boyfriend. “Holy shit,” he whispered in disbelief.

Eddie hummed in satisfaction, refusing to move from his position of resting on Richie’s chest. “Mmm, yeah,” he moaned in agreement, his hand seeking out Richie’s once again.

“You’re perfect,” Richie murmured softly. He pressed a lingering kiss to Eddie’s forehead.

“So are you, Rich,” Eddie replied, his cheeks turning red at the compliment. “I love your chest, and your hands, and your cock especially.”

Richie squinted his eyes suspiciously at Eddie, “I don’t know if I believe you.”

Eddie sat back up with a smirk, rocking his hips down against Richie’s and laughing at the choked back groan he let out. “Guess I’ll have to show you again.”

7. Public Sex

Eddie's eyes were focused on the big screen on the opposite side of the room; it was hard for his attention to remain on the movie given what was happening under the sweatshirt bunched up on his lap, but he knew if he looked or broke his attention, it would all be over before it had even really began.

Him and Richie were sitting in the back row of the local movie theater, watching whatever movie was currently playing. Eddie didn't know and he couldn't tell at this point, nor did he really care with the way Richie's long fingers wrapped around his hard length.

His heart was hammering in his chest and a million thoughts ran through his mind. What if they got caught? All it would take was one person turning around and it would be obvious what they were doing. Sure, Richie had tried to conceal it with his sweatshirt, but the steady up and down movement beneath definitely gave it away.

He bit his lip to keep himself from making any noise as Richie leaned over to kiss along his jaw. "How's that, baby?" he asked in a low whisper near his ear. He brushed his thumb over the slit, smirking at the way Eddie's hips bucked up into his touch.

"Rich, please," he whimpered, looking over at his boyfriend, his face scrunching up with needy desperation. He wanted to come, more than anything. Both for the relief of his release and also the relief of not being caught.

But Richie's strokes were slow and teasing, enough to bring him pleasure, but not quite enough to get him off. Every now and then, he would brush his thumb over the slit, or flick his wrist on his upstroke, or squeeze right behind the head, all things that drove Eddie crazy.

Eddie rested his head against the back of the chair, staring up at the ceiling. He couldn't stop the moan bubbling up in his throat from escaping when he felt Richie's lips on his neck, pressing hot open mouth kisses against the skin.

"Act natural, Eds," Richie murmured to him, pulling back from his

boyfriend when someone a few rows turned back to stare at them suspiciously.

Eddie whimpered and bit his lip again as Richie sped up his pace, but kept his eyes focused on the screen. He could feel the heat rising to his cheeks at the idea of someone seeing what they were doing in the dark of the theater; despite the nerves, it sent a shot of arousal to his core. He couldn't help but lean and whisper in Richie's ear. "Meet me in the bathroom in five minutes."

Exactly five minutes and thirty seconds later, Richie was kneeling on the floor of the bathroom with Eddie's cock buried down his throat. He looked up at Eddie from behind his lashes, his nose pressing against his groin. Eddie's fingers were tightly grasping his hair, holding his head in place.

"Oh fuck Richie," Eddie groaned, his head falling back to rest against the wall. "Your mouth is so amazing."

Richie pulled back with a smirk, jerking his hand over Eddie's spit covered length. "That's not what you usually say about my mouth," he joked, swirling his tongue around the head.

Eddie let out a bark of laughter, combing his fingers through Richie's unruly, dark locks until he was cradling the back of his head, guiding his lips back around him.

Richie smirked around him and bobbed his head eagerly over the entire length of Eddie's cock, swallowing around him. He looked up at Eddie, one hand reaching up to rub over his chest, while the other moved to massage his balls.

"Holy shit, please, please, please," Eddie chanted quietly, grabbing Richie's hair.

Richie swallowed him down entirely, gagging around him. His fingers scratched against his chest, continuing to look up at his boyfriend, whose lips were parted and cheeks were bright red. Richie had to resist the urge to palm himself through his jeans; it was all about Eddie right now and swallowing his come was beyond a turn on for him.

He pulled back momentarily to swirl his tongue around the head and catch his breath before diving back in and eagerly bobbing his head. He wrapped his hand around the base of Eddie's length, jerking it in tandem with his lips.

"I'm gonna come Richie," Eddie whimpered, grasping onto Richie's hair with both hands as his release washed over him and he came in Richie's eagerly waiting mouth.

Richie swallowed it with ease, leaning forward to press a lingering kiss to Eddie's hip and chuckling at the way his leg shook from the sensitive touch. "Should we go back and finish the movie?" he asked teasingly.

Eddie chuckled, leaning down just enough to fist his fingers into Richie's shirt and tug him back up to his feet. He kissed him eagerly, sliding his tongue into Richie's mouth and tasting himself on his tongue. "Take me home so I can reciprocate."

"Don't want to kneel on the bathroom floor?" Richie asked knowingly.

Eddie shook his head with a sly smile, "I don't want any chance of someone walking in on what I'm going to do to you."

Richie's eyes went wide and all he could do was helplessly follow out of the bathroom. He could only imagine what Eddie had in store for him when they got home.

8. Risque Dream/Sleep Sex

Richie never imagined he'd be this well off at 27. He had his dream job, lived in his dream apartment, and most importantly, he had his dream guy. That's right, only thirteen years of mutual pining and the two of them finally got their acts together. In fact, they'd just celebrated their one year anniversary about a month ago and they were only a couple "you stay here so often, you should just move in!" jokes from it becoming a reality. Things were going incredibly well.

Except that Richie was currently in hell.

The two of them had retired to bed early because they both had to get up at an ungodly hour the next morning and they wanted to get a fair amount of sleep in. Eddie had passed out right away. Richie was still awake.

Eddie played the role of the little spoon (though he often times preferred to be the big spoon) with his ass pressed firmly against Richie's crotch. Right when Eddie had scooted back to make this move, Richie had, of course, made some kind of joke about it, something about being unable to control his boners. Eddie laughed, but made no move to remedy the situation.

To make matters worse, Eddie wore only a pair of tight boxer briefs and a t-shirt of Richie's, because he "forgot" a change of clothes and liked to pretend that he didn't have complete and total ownership of Richie's whole closet. It was slipped down his shoulder slightly, exposing his slightly tanned skin and Richie just wanted to kiss him! But he didn't want to wake his boyfriend up, especially when he had an important meeting in the morning.

They always joked about Eddie needing his beauty sleep, but somewhere along the line, it stopped being funny.

So Richie tried his best to ignore all this and focus on falling asleep. And he was almost there until Eddie started shifting in his sleep. At first, it was just once, but then it graduated to twice and then it became more periodic.

No matter how hard Richie tried to fight it, he could feel himself getting hard from the action. He let out a chuckle, followed by a soft groan and his hand shot out to grab Eddie's hip, attempting to still them and end his misery. By the time Eddie fell back into a deep sleep, Richie was basically rock hard.

He contemplated sneaking off to the bathroom to rub one out, but decided against it in the end. It was late and he needed to get some sleep. So he set forth to fall asleep again and he did. But not for long. He was awoken by the sound of Eddie's voice, soft and demanding at the same time.

"Richie," a moan fell from his lips and if Richie hadn't been so sleepy, his jaw might have actually dropped. Because he was mumbling in his sleep, his words weren't super enunciated, but the moan of Richie's name was undeniable, as were the next words to come from his mouth. "Fuck me."

Richie's eyes went comically wide. Did he just...? No way. He must've heard Eddie wrong; he must've said something else entirely.

But then, Eddie pushed his hips back again and let out a breathy moan that told Richie he had in fact heard Eddie right. What was he supposed to do now? He surely couldn't fall asleep pretending like he hadn't heard *that*, like every desire in him hadn't just been awoken by Eddie's sleepy pleas. Instead, he let his hand glide up from where it rested on Eddie's hip towards his bare stomach and chest.

He wrapped an arm around Eddie's chest and held him close, kissing the back of his neck in hopes the gentle actions would soothe him back into a peaceful sleep. But it seemed to have the opposite effect and elicited another soft moan from his boyfriend.

"Mmm, yeah, Rich." He shifted slightly, his hips wiggling against Richie's. "Touch me."

Richie would be lying if he said it didn't briefly cross his mind, to dip his hand lower and touch Eddie in the way his dream self so wanted. But it didn't feel right and he would prefer Eddie to be awake when he rocked his world.

“Eds,” he murmured in his ear, trying to keep his voice even enough to keep from startling Eddie too bad. He tended to be a heavy sleeper for the most part, until something woke him up and then it was very sudden. “Eddie, baby, wake up.”

Eddie woke with a sudden inhale through his nose, stirring in Richie’s arms. He hummed in both disinterest and confusion, “Richie, what’s going on?”

Richie leaned forward to press a kiss to his cheek, “Sorry to wake you spaggetti, but you were having some, uh...*interesting* dreams.”

“I know,” Eddie muttered fondly, like he was definitely enjoying those dreams. “Wait...how do you know that?” He made a move to turn around in Richie’s arms, but his ass brushed against Richie’s crotch and the realization hit him all at once. “Oh.”

“Yeah,” Richie chuckled sheepishly, “What can I say? I got the sexiest boyfriend in the world.”

Eddie’s cheeks were bright red as he finally maneuvered himself so that he was facing Richie. “You know,” he began shyly, “If that happens again, and you wanted to...” Eddie’s words trailed off as he averted his gaze down to where his fingers were walking down Richie’s chest and towards the waistband of his PJ pants. “You could start while I’m still asleep.”

Richie’s jaw dropped in shock, both from the incredibly sexy suggestion coming from his boyfriend and also from said boyfriend’s hand wrapping around his hard length. It stroked over him slowly, the dry friction driving him insane. “Ar-are you serious?”

Eddie nodded, biting his lip as he held Richie’s gaze. “Waking up to your cock inside me sounds pretty good.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Richie answered with a slight chuckle, leaning forward to capture Eddie’s lips in a lazy, but deep kiss.

Eddie broke it after a few moments with a soft moan. He leaned back, his hand still wrapped around Richie as his other reached out to grab the lube off of their nightstand. With Richie’s help, he pushed his

pants down around his thighs to expose his hard cock.

“That really got you worked up, huh?” Eddie questioned teasingly, popping the cap of the lube open and squirting some onto the head of Richie’s dick. He chuckled at the yelp Richie let out. He stuck his tongue out playfully when Richie complained about it being cold, though he wasn’t complaining long as Eddie began pumping his hand over his cock, spreading the lube over it.

Richie groaned, eagerly seeking out Eddie’s lips for a leisurely kiss as his hips bucked up into Eddie’s skilled touch. He knew exactly what kind of pressure he liked, firm but not tight and the way Eddie rubbed his thumb against the underside of the head was simply divine.

It’s just a handjob, Eddie would always tell him. But Richie always adamantly disagreed with that statement. It wasn’t “just a handjob,” it was an experience, one he relished every time. It was a sight to behold, the look of concentration on Eddie’s face. Sometimes, his tongue would poke out when his pace began to speed up. He was so smitten by his boyfriend that it would never be just a handjob to him.

“Fuck, Eds,” Richie whispered against his lips as Eddie touched him with shallow strokes near the head before lengthening them over the whole shaft. And then he brushed his thumb under the head, squeezing gently as he moved his hand down to rubbed over Richie’s balls.

Eddie smirked at the way Richie’s leg shook from the contact. “You gonna come soon?” he asked knowingly, swiping his thumb repeatedly over the slit.

“Yeah,” Richie whimpered, nodding helplessly as he tried to work his hips along with Eddie’s rhythm. But he stilled them soon after, surrendering himself to Eddie’s touch. He rested his head back against his pillow, unable to hold back the groans of pleasure bubbling up in his chest from escaping through his parted lips.

Eddie leaned forward and kissed along his stubbled jaw, quickening the pace of his strokes over Richie’s cock. He pressed his thumb

under the head and brought his free hand up to massage Richie's balls. After that, it only took a few more pumps of his fist over Richie's length before he was tensing and coming with a long, drawn out groan. Eddie hummed softly in satisfaction as he worked Richie through his release.

"Holy shit," Richie mumbled, a dopey grin on his face.

Eddie smiled fondly, kissing him on the cheek before sliding out of bed. He returned a few minutes later with clean hands and a damp washcloth, to a barely awake Richie.

"Let me reciprocate my love," he said, unable to stifle his yawn at the end. His eyes weren't even open when he said this.

Eddie leaned down to press a kiss to Richie's lips, which seemed to slightly startle him. He chuckled at the reaction, taking the time and care to clean Richie up, complete with pulling his pants back up for him, despite how hard that was to do with Richie basically asleep and no help.

"In the morning, Rich," Eddie responded, fondly brushing back the dark hair away from Richie's face. He smiled sleepily and leaned into the touch. Eddie climbed back into bed with him, cuddling close to him and enjoying a night of pleasant dreams.

9. Risque Dream/Sleep Sex (Part 2)

A few weeks after the midnight handjob incident, Richie found himself in a similar predicament. It was a hot summer night and they were sleeping with the window open to welcome in a gentle breeze in hopes of making their room slightly less like a sauna. They were both sleeping naked, understandably so. Richie was, as he called it, “free balling it,” which basically meant he was sleeping completely uncovered. Eddie had affectionately rolled his eyes and laughed off Richie’s joke about wanting his dick real bad. It was true, always, but Eddie wasn’t about to tell Richie that.

Richie encouraged Eddie to free ball it as well, but the other man couldn’t sleep without at least a small sliver of blanket covering his body. So he fell asleep on his stomach, both arms tucked under his pillow and cradling it against his head. One leg was pulled up towards his chest at a 90 degree angle, which Richie was sure would’ve presented his ass in the most beautiful way, but unfortunately there was a white sheet covering it. The top of it hit right below Eddie’s back, right under the dimples at the base of his spine and the bottom of the sheet fell right below the curve of Eddie’s ass. It was bunched up in between and it was a travesty, to be honest.

It didn’t take long for Richie to find himself with a boner after spending a good solid time thinking about burying his face between Eddie’s cheeks and eating him out until he cried. Or spreading his cheeks and watching his cock disappear into him again and again. This time, seeing as they both had the next day off, Richie decided to go take care of the problem at hand and he was just sliding out of bed when he heard his boyfriend let out the softest moan. He almost didn’t hear it at first, and then he let out another one; Richie nearly fell over his feet to get back into bed.

He went still, completely frozen as he watched Eddie for any sign of him waking up. After a minute, it was obvious that Eddie was still fast asleep and still enjoying his dirty dreams from the looks of it.

“Rich,” he moaned into his pillow, his hips shifting slightly against the mattress.

Richie let out a groan of appreciative at the sight, and then another one as he slowly pushed the sheet covering Eddie off of him. He bit his lip to keep himself from letting out a moan that was too loud; he rubbed his hand over the curve of Eddie's ass, relishing the sigh of pleasure it elicited from him.

He leaned back to grab the lube from their bedside table and quickly coated three fingers with it. Gently, he traced them between Eddie's cheeks and rubbed the tips of his fingers against his hole. He pressed his index finger against the rim, easing more pressure behind it until it finally slipped into his sleeping boyfriend.

Eddie let out another moan, this one louder than any of the previous ones. He stirred in place as Richie began repeatedly working the finger into him. "What's going on?" he whimpered softly, turning his head to face Richie, but keeping his eyes shut. He pushed his hips back against Richie's fingers as he added another one in to join the first.

"Gettin' you ready for my cock baby," Richie replied, his voice low both in tone and volume, "You were having a naughty dream so I decided to help you out with that. Like you said a few weeks ago."

Eddie let out a hum of satisfaction, hugging himself closer to his pillow, "Mmm, yeah. Feels nice, Richie."

Richie let his lips curl up in a smirk as he pumped those two fingers into Eddie, scissoring them and making sure to stretch them against his rim. He watched Eddie's face, suspiciously peaceful as he slid in a third finger, purposefully avoiding his prostate.

Eddie whimpered when he finally removed his fingers, but made no other indication that he was still awake. The thought sent a shot of arousal coursing through him and straight to his groin. Carefully, he moved to straddle Eddie's thighs, his left leg kneeling beside him while his right foot was planted on the bed. He uncapped the lube and squirted a generous amount into his hand, groaning as he wrapped it around his cock and stroke over it a few times, just enough to make it slick but enough to make him blow his load. That would be criminal at this point.

For good measure, he spread Eddie's cheeks and squirted a small dollop of lube directly onto his hole. Eddie was a heavy sleeper for sure, and part of Richie was really curious to see how long it would take Eddie to wake up so he wanted to make it as smooth as possible. With a quiet, bit back groan, he pressed the slick head of his cock against Eddie's hole and began easing it into him.

Eddie moaned, shifting in his sleep slightly. The movement seemed to press Richie deeper into him, to where just the head was buried inside of him. "Baby," he whined softly, his voice still rough with sleep. It was hard to say if he was fully awake, but Richie could tell he wasn't asleep any longer.

Richie pressed his right hand against Eddie's lower back, long fingers pressing against his side. He used the grip to hold Eddie still as he continued to slide into him until he was finally fully buried inside of him. He stroked his thumb soothingly against Eddie's lower back, right against one of the dimples he had there, and let him adjust to the full length of him, as well as the transition from deep slumber. "You like waking up to me buried inside you, Eds?"

"Yeah," Eddie nodded eagerly, fingers clutching at the fabric of his pillow. He emitted continuous sounds of pleasure, "Feels so good."

Richie groaned, tightening his grip on Eddie's side as he pulled back and thrust back in, dropping his head back from the overwhelming pleasure to wash over him at the action. When he straightened back out, he noticed Eddie's eyes now opened and fixed on him. He smiled fondly, reaching forward to push his blonde locks out of his face. "There he is."

For a good few minutes, Richie continued thrusting into him like this, slow in rhythm, but incredibly deep. But eventually, it became too much for Eddie and he needed more. "Please Richie," he begged shamelessly, his tongue darting out to wet his lips. His cheeks were bright red and droplets of sweat were beginning to collect around his hairline.

Richie could feel the same thing happening to him, both from the heat and the exertion. It seemed to add to the dull pleasure throbbing in his gut. He needed no more encouragement than Eddie begging

him for it and began to speed up his thrusts. He guided Eddie's hips up slightly, just enough to meet his own and create more power behind his rhythm. From the way Eddie immediately cried out in pleasure, it was a big hit.

"Holy fuck, you're so sexy baby," Richie groaned, pounding into him again and again. He took his left hand and raked his nails down Eddie's back, enjoying the way it elicited the neediest whine from him.

What had begun soft and quiet was now much more vigorous and thus much, much louder. Between Eddie's continuous moans and the lewd sound of skin slapping against skin, Richie was sure they would wake up the neighbors. Part of him didn't care, the part that was consumed by how good Eddie felt around him. But still, the other part told him he needed to keep Eddie quiet to avoid some awkward morning interactions.

He reached forward with his left hand, his right hand still firmly grasping at Eddie's hip; he used it to cover Eddie's mouth and stifle his loud moans. Eddie's volume only seemed to increase from behind his hand, reaching up with his own to hold Richie's in place.

Richie grinned with pride, knowing that he was pounding directly against Eddie's prostate. He kept his thrusts as steady as he could with their power, to ensure that he kept hitting it. The way Eddie practically screamed behind his hand nearly sent him over the edge, but he kept snapping his hips forward, determined to make Eddie come first.

"Can you touch yourself for me, baby?" Richie groaned softly.

Eddie whimpered and nodded, maneuvering himself to where he could wrap a hand around his aching leg. He did his best to pump it in time with Richie's thrusts, but as his release quickly approached, he found it hard to keep that rhythm. He whined desperately behind Richie's hand and looked up at him, hoping it was enough to express how close he was.

"I gotcha, Eds," he murmured gently, stroking his thumb against Eddie's rosy cheek. He pounded into Eddie over and over again,

making sure to hit his prostate as often as he could. It only took a few more times for Eddie's release to hit, spilling over his stomach and the sheets below.

He went pliant after Richie worked him through it. Richie's hand fell away from his mouth and left him to let out the softest moans of satisfaction as Richie continued to thrust into him. The slightest tingles of overstimulation hit his spine, but he didn't mind. He loved the idea of Richie continuing to fuck him after he's already come; it was a frequent happening considering how often Richie made him come first.

"Baby," he whimpered, his clean hand seeking out Richie's to hold onto. He gave it a gentle squeeze. "Want you to come inside me."

Before Eddie even finished his full sentence, Richie buried himself inside Eddie one final time and stilled his hips as he came deep inside his boyfriend.

Eddie hummed softly out of gratification, resting his cheek back against the pillow.

Richie smiled fondly, staying inside Eddie for a couple minutes, before slowly and gently pulling out. He rubbed a hand over Eddie's back, "Final prognosis? How was waking up like that?"

Eddie returned Richie's smile, enjoying their habitual check in. Any time they tried something new, they always talked through it afterwards. "I really liked it," Eddie confessed, his cheeks still burning. "Like, a lot."

Richie leaned down to press a kiss between his shoulder blades. "Me too, baby. Me too." He watched Eddie's eyes begin to flutter shut. "C'mon Eds," he chuckled, "We gotta shower and changed the sheets."

"Mmmm," Eddie pouted, eyes still closed. "Can you do all that while I'm asleep too?"

Richie laughed and hopped out of bed, leaning down to scoop Eddie up and throw him over his shoulder. Eddie laughed along with Richie

as he carried him to the bathroom. By the time Eddie was under the spray of the hot water, he was fast asleep again.

10. Dom/Sub

It wasn't too often that his husband beat him home from work, so when Richie saw Eddie's car in the driveway, he felt a tingle of excitement rush through him. They were nearing their anniversary, 5 years since they'd gotten married. That was next month though, leaving Richie curiously intrigued as to why Eddie was home before him.

He snatched his coat from the passenger seat and went inside, hanging it up on the hook and popping his wallet and keys into one of the pockets. The house was quiet, weirdly so. Any time Eddie was home, there was some sort of commotion going on; either he was yelling in the kitchen about screwing up a recipe, or working his restoration project in the garage, or he was just watching trash TV at an unnecessarily loud volume. But Richie heard none of that and he was beginning to get worried.

Until he reached the bedroom, and then suddenly, everything clicked into place and made perfect sense. It also made Richie's brain short circuit because in their bedroom, kneeling on the floor was his husband, clad in nothing but a pair of fuzzy handcuffs. They held his hands behind his back, precisely where Richie liked his hands to be when he was on his knees. He felt his cock twitch with interest at the mere sight.

"Is this all for me?" He asked, his voice lowered to a soft growl as he stalked across the room and over to where Eddie was kneeling.

Eddie looked up at him from behind his lashes, wearing a coy smile. He let out the softest laugh, "Who else would it be for?"

Richie laughed along with him and cupped a hand under his chin. He tilted Eddie's gaze upon as he leaned down to kiss him, eagerly sliding his tongue into his husband's mouth. He relished the moan to slip from Eddie's lips and happily swallowed it as he kissed him deeper. "You gonna have an attitude tonight?"

Eddie's lips were parted slightly as he caught his breath from the intense kiss, "Maybe," he answered with a smirk.

"We'll see how long you stay cocky," Richie replied smugly, stroking his thumb across Eddie's bottom lip while his other hand moved to undo his pants.

Eddie licked his lips, his eyes trained on Richie's hand as he shoved his boxers down. The second Richie's cock was exposed, he leaned forward to eagerly take it into his mouth, but right before his lips were about to wrap around the head, Richie grabbed a handful of his hair and yanked him back. It elicited a soft whimper from him, followed by a low moan.

"I wanna hear how much you want to suck me off, baby," Richie growled, fingers still curled in Eddie's blonde locks.

Eddie whined, shifting impatiently. "Please, sir. I wanna suck your cock so bad. I've been thinking about it all day."

"So that's why you did all this, huh?" Richie teased him gently, stroking his thumb across Eddie's cheek. "Tell me. Did you put in the plug for me, too?"

Eddie's cheeks turned bright red as he stared up at Richie, biting his lip. "Why don't you see for yourself?" He challenged playfully, leaning forward so that his weight no longer rested on his heels.

Richie moved and crouched down behind Eddie. He cupped his cheeks and spread them apart to get a good look at the jeweled plug fit snugly inside him. "Good boy," Richie groaned, finger tapping against the jeweled end. "You know just what I like, don't you?"

Eddie whimpered again, shifting back against Richie's touch. "It's been a few years," he replied facetiously, "I'd hope I would know by now."

Richie humored him with a chuckle as he moved to stand before Eddie again. He didn't miss the way Eddie's eyes fixed on the movement of his hand as he stroked himself to hardness. "I think it's time to shut that pretty little mouth up."

Eddie went to reply, presumably with some sassy remark but Richie gripped his chin and forced his mouth open. It didn't take more than

that for Eddie to get the hint and he immediately and eagerly stuck his tongue out.

Richie groaned, one hand combing through Eddie's hair until it rested on the back of his head. His other hand curled around the base of his dick and guided the head to brush against Eddie's tongue.

He let out an indignant noise; he tried to close his lips around it and bob his head over the length, but Richie lightly smacked his cheek and shook his head. "Tsk, ts, ts, you know better than that, baby."

Eddie huffed out a sigh and open his mouth wide again. He looked up at Richie challengingly as he stuck his tongue out.

"I'm gonna fuck your pretty little mouth first," Richie growled, slowly moving his hips forward so that the head of his cock brushed against the back of Eddie's throat. "And then I'm gonna fuck your tight ass."

Eddie moaned, looking up to meet Richie's gaze. He wrapped his lips tightly around his cock and bobbed his head in rhythm with Richie's slow thrusts. Every few strokes, he gagged softly when he took Richie's entire length into his mouth, but he refused to pull off. Instead, he pressed harder and held himself in place with his nose brushing against Richie's skin.

"Holy shit," Richie whispered in awe, his head falling back. "Baby, you're fucking incredible."

After another long moment, Eddie gagged around him and finally pulled back, a thick string of saliva connecting him to Richie's cock. He moaned at the sight, his chest heaving as he tried to catch his breath. Once he did, he moved his head forward again so that the weight of Richie's cock rested on his tongue.

Richie let out a groan, holding the back of Eddie's head as he thrust his hips forward, setting a quicker pace than before. He reached down with his other hand to cup under Eddie's chin, holding his head still as he fucked into his eager mouth.

Eddie let his eyes slip shut in content, swallowing expertly around Richie. He smirked around him the best he could when his husband

swore under his breath and held onto him tighter. It was obvious that Richie wasn't going to last much longer, considering how erratic his rhythm had become and how a chant of Eddie's name fell repeatedly from his lips.

"You gonna swallow my come, baby?" Richie groaned, fingers tightening in Eddie's hair.

Eddie moaned around him, nodding slightly and opening his eyes to stare up at Richie.

Richie managed to thrust forward a few more times into the warm heat of Eddie's mouth before his hips finally stilled and his release washed over him.

Eddie made a humming sound, lightly bobbing his head over Richie's length a couple more times to work him through his high. He brushed his lips against the head and once Richie's leg shook slightly, he finally pulled back. Knowing how much Richie loved the sight, Eddie stuck out his tongue so his husband could see his come on it before he swallowed.

Once he had, Richie cupped both of his cheeks and kissed him eagerly; it was of equal caliber to the earlier kiss when he'd first walked in.

"Get on the bed and put your ass in the air," Richie demanded, hungry eyes scanning over Eddie's body. He leaned down to help him stand and guided him over to the bed.

Eddie knelt on the edge of the bed, falling forward so that his face landed in the pillows, his hands still cuffed behind his back. "Are you going to fuck me, sir?"

Richie smirked and brought a hand down to smack Eddie's ass. "Only if you beg for it."

11. Dom/Sub (Part 2)

When Eddie decided to surprise his husband when he came home from work, this wasn't at all what he had expected. Due to their busy, conflicting schedules, their sex life wasn't the most active. It wasn't due to a lack of interest; they were usually just too tired to do more than mutual handjobs. So after getting off early from work one day, Eddie decided to surprise Richie and wait for him in a compromising position.

The more he thought about how his husband would react and what he would do to him, the harder Eddie got. The entire time he knelt there waiting, he was rock hard. By the time he finished sucking Richie off, he thought he was about to explode. He just assumed that Richie felt the same. It'd been months since they'd had actual sex so he figured, once Richie was buried inside of him, it wouldn't be long before he was coming.

Boy was he wrong.

He'd been face down on the bed for what felt like an eternity. Richie had slowly eased the plug out of him and teased him with it, adding more lube to it and using it to fuck him. Eddie had let out the most pathetic whimper and shoved his hips back to get more. But Richie wasn't having that at all. He told Eddie to behave or he wouldn't get anything at all.

So that was where the current moment found him, his cheek pressed against Richie's pillow, inhaling his scent while Richie mercilessly teased him. Everything he thought about Richie not having the stamina to last long was wrong and it was killing Eddie. It seemed like every time he got close to his release, Richie would back off and let him fall back from the brink.

"Please, sir," Eddie whined, struggling to keep his hips still and not lean back into Richie's touch. "I want you to fuck me. Please. Please fuck me."

"Ohhh, baby," Richie cooed, rubbing his hand over Eddie's back. He scratched his nails over Eddie's cheeks and down his thighs, relishing

the pleased cry it elicited from his husband. "You're so desperate for it."

All Eddie could do was snuffle softly and nod.

Richie grabbed the lube and stroked his slick hand over his dick. "You're so gorgeous, Eds," he groaned, admiring Eddie's body as he spread his cheeks. "Do I tell you that enough?"

Eddie felt a rush of heat spread across him, to his core all the way up to his cheeks. "Yeah," he whispered, nodding. "You tell me that all the time."

"Good," Richie smirked, teasingly brushing the head of his cock against Eddie's hole.

"Richie," Eddie gasped, voice thick with need. His fingers rhythmically clenched and unclenched as he forced himself to hold still.

Richie noticed this almost immediately and grabbed Eddie's hands with his own. He gave them a gentle squeeze as he pressed himself forward. "Keep breathing baby," Richie instructed, voice void of all dominance for the moment and replaced with tenderness. "I'm gonna give you what you want, okay?"

Eddie took in a deep, shuddering breath and nodded. He continued to do so as Richie pressed into him, taking in deep breath after breath to keep himself relaxed. A satisfied moan ripped through his throat, "Sir, please," Eddie begged, squeezing at Richie's hand. "Feels so good. I want more. Faster. Harder. Please."

Richie leaned down to press a kiss between Eddie's shoulder blades and then one a little higher up to the back of his neck. He leaned forward, pressing deeper into Eddie as he moved to press his lips to Eddie's in a messy, but passionate kiss. He remained draped over Eddie and pulled his hips back slightly, before pressing back into him.

"Mmm, yessss," Eddie moaned, his cock aching between his legs. It felt so incredibly good to have his husband buried inside him,

especially after it'd been so long. Eddie wanted the feeling to last forever, to be permanently suspended in this state of pleasure. But he always wanted-no, needed-to come.

Richie straightened back up, maintaining his grip on Eddie's hand and grabbing his hip with his other hand. He pulled back, almost all the way out before driving his hips forward and slamming into him once again. A smirk crept onto his lips as Eddie cried out in satisfaction; he did it again, eager to hear more sounds like that from his husband.

"Faster, sir, pleeease," Eddie begged, feeling his throat go dry from the continuous moans he let out. He couldn't help them, or their volumes. They had a mind of their own and Eddie wasn't about to stop them, especially as Richie picked up his pace and began pounding into him. "Yes, yes, yes! Just like that! Don't stop!"

Richie moved his hands so they were both gripping Eddie's hips, using that grip to pull them back against his powerful thrusts. "Fuck, baby, you take my cock so well." He smacked Eddie's ass, turning it slightly red from the strength behind it. With a lustful gaze, he spread Eddie's cheeks to watch his cock disappear into him over and over again.

Eddie whimpered, almost on the verge of tears. "Please, sir, I need to come. So bad," Eddie let out a groan of frustration as Richie's tight grip prevented him from pushing his hips back into Richie's rhythm. He turned his head back slightly, so he could look up at Richie pleadingly, "Will you please touch me?"

Usually, Richie would use the opportunity to further tease Eddie, but he seemed to sense the desperation radiating off of his husband. So instead of slowing down and refusing to touch him, he kept the speed of his thrusts consistent, shifting slightly until he knew he was pounding against Eddie's prostate. He reached around to curl his fingers around Eddie's hard, aching length, stripping it in time with his thrusts.

"Yes, fuck, baby, yes," Eddie cried out in pleasure, burying his face in the pillow. He could feel the coil in his stomach growing tighter and tighter until finally it snapped and he felt his release ripping through

him.

Richie continued to stroke him through it, murmuring soft words of praise to him.

Eddie went pliant as he came down, only held up by Richie's arm wrapped around him. His thrusts slowed in speed, but they maintained the same depth.

Eddie let out a satisfied hum, turning to press his cheek against the pillow once again so he could peek up at Richie. "You gonna come inside me, sir?" he asked softly.

"Would you like that?" Richie questioned smugly, rubbing a hand over Eddie's side as he continued to thrust into him. He could feel his release approaching quickly.

Eddie nodded, "Yes, please." He could vaguely register Richie's response having something to do with good manners, but he was far too focused on the continual thrusts of his husband's cock into him. Even after his release, it brought him an immense pleasure, especially when he felt Richie's hips still and seconds later, he was spilling inside him. Eddie couldn't help the moan of pleasure that escaped him.

"How's that feel, baby?" Richie grinned, his fingers expertly undoing the fuzzy handcuffs. He guided Eddie's hands back to his sides, not wanting him to strain his muscles by moving too fast; he brought both of his hands up to massage Eddie's shoulders as they both came down from their highs.

"Feels amazing," Eddie mumbled, tired but satiated.

"I'm gonna pull out now," Richie told him gently, tracing soothing patterns over his back as he slowly eased himself out of his husband. He leaned down to press a kiss at the base of Eddie's spine when he whimpered at the loss. "How about a nice hot bath?"

"Yes. On one condition."

"What's that?" Richie asked with a chuckle, sliding off of the bed.

“Carry me.”

12. Dirty Talk/Phone Sex

Long distance was hard. There was no doubt about that. With the two of them off to college at opposite ends of the country (and too stubborn, too determined, too in love to bear taking a break), they relied on technology more than anything else in their lives. Snapchat, to send cute (and dirty) selfies. Skype, to be able to see each other and talk, almost as if they were together (and do dirty stuff). Good ol' phone calls, to spend hours talking and talking (and, you guessed it, dirty stuff). Obviously nothing could compare to the real thing, but Eddie describing, in great detail, what he would do to Richie if he was there was the next best thing.

It was getting to the point where Eddie could say the words, "Can you hear me okay?" and Richie would immediately get hard. They'd been apart for a couple years now, of course meeting for birthdays and holidays to see each other in person. But it had been far too long since their last visit and the two of them were growing antsy to see each other, kiss each other, touch each other. Oh boy, when the two of them got together next, there would be a whole lot of that. But for now, they were forced to the phone, Richie laying alone in his dorm while Eddie rode a late night bus to his off campus apartment.

"I don't know what exactly I'd do if I was there," Eddie said, his voice husky from its low volume to prevent the driver from hearing him. Sure, he sat at the back of the bus and it was fairly loud to cover up the dialogue, but Eddie would be mortified if he heard anything that was about to come out of Eddie's mouth. "I think I'd put your cock in my mouth first."

"Shit Eds," Richie hissed on the other end of the line, his hand unashamedly shoved down his pants already. "Keep talking baby. I love it when you get dirty."

Not that there was anyone to notice, but Eddie's cheeks burned red as he continued to talk, "I'd take my time too. Make it really last. You say you hate it but I know you actually like when I tease you."

"I do baby, I love everything you do," Richie babbled senselessly, his hand wrapped firmly around his cock, jerking it with slow strokes to

start.

"I'd suck on the head," Eddie told him, knowing exactly how much Richie craved the specifics and knowing that Richie was already beginning to get off to it. He could hear it in Richie's staggered breathing. "I know how much you like when I suck on the head. I know because I love looking up at you when I do."

"Oh fuck baby, you look so good when you look up at me with my cock in your mouth."

Eddie chuckled darkly, licking his lips as he closed his eyes, imagining that he was there with Richie in his dorm room, with his cock actually in his mouth instead of just talking about it. It made him ache with longing to do so. "If I think hard enough about it, I can actually taste it. When I suck hard enough and that little dribble of pre-come leaks out." He paused just long enough to let out a soft moan, partially for Richie's benefit and partially because it just came out when he thought about Richie like this. "I love lapping it up with my tongue. I love tasting you in general."

"Baby," Richie whined breathlessly, his hips bucking under his own touch. Just like Eddie was imagining being there, Richie imagined the same thing, that Eddie was there, doing every last thing he was saying out loud. Soon, he reminded himself. "Please."

"I'd run my tongue over the slit, a few times, mostly to watch how your leg shakes from the sensitivity," Eddie continued with a slight chuckle and even though it wasn't super dirty, the personal detail really made Richie's balls ache. This wasn't going to last much longer, he knew that much. At least his end of it, until Eddie got home and he could return the favor. "And then, I'd run my tongue under the head, continuing to suck on it."

With a groan, Richie brushed his thumb repeatedly over the spot Eddie mentioned.

"And then I'd play with your balls," Eddie whispered, grateful for his book bag situated on his lap, both to hide his raging hard on and to apply some pressure, some friction to it as well. "Maybe get them nice and wet so I could massage them while I keep sucking you off."

Richie spit in his unoccupied hand and began handling his balls, his phone now resting on his pillow beside his head on speakerphone so he could still hear all the deliciously dirty words coming out of his boyfriend's mouth. "Eds," he rasped out, "I'm so close."

Eddie let out another soft sound of pleasure at the confession, his head resting back against the headrest and his hand shaking slightly as he held the phone firmly to his ear. "I'd swallow, you know," Eddie volunteered, as if it was in fact not something Richie knew. But he knew very well. "Every last drop of your come."

A smirk played onto Eddie's lips as he listened to the telltale sounds of his boyfriend's release washing over him. For a few quiet moments, all he heard was the sound of Richie's heavy breathing as he came down from his high. There was a brief rustling as Richie took him off of speakerphone, his voice sounding much clearer as he spoke. "Damn Eds. Anyone who said long distance couldn't work didn't have someone like you on the other line."

Eddie's cheeks turned red again. "Always the sweet talker."

"Just for you baby," Richie replied with a grin. "When's your stop?"

"It's the next one," Eddie answered, glad that he would have at least a brief moment to collect himself before having to exit the bus and make the short walk home.

On the other side of the line, Richie smirked mischievously, clearly having other plans. "Excellent. Let me tell you what I would do to you if you were here..."

13. Lazy Morning Sex

One thing that usually surprised people to learn about Eddie was how much he enjoyed sleeping naked. Not that the number was that high, but the couple people who knew were shocked by the fact. Richie was one of them, his boyfriend who had recently been promoted to live in boyfriend. He had discovered quickly that, without the threat of a third party walking in, Eddie tended to spend most of his nights in the nude. Not that Richie minded, because he didn't, not one bit. Many occasions of morning wood had been both caused and enhanced by the sight of his gorgeous boyfriend lying naked beside him.

Because of this, morning sex became a frequent occurrence. As mentioned before, Richie suffered—okay he didn't really suffer at all—through a lot of erections caused by the sight of Eddie's chest, thighs, ass, dick, mouth, hands, really any part of his slightly tanned skin was enough to send Richie into a frenzy. But luckily for him, Eddie's sexual appetite bore a striking resemblance to his own, bountiful and unpredictable.

On this particular morning, Richie woke to the sight of Eddie lying on his stomach, one arm under his pillow and one leg bent upward so he was facing Richie in the slightest. His eyes immediately raked over the muscles of his toned back, all the way down to where the thin sheet rested against his lower back. He wanted to slip that hand beneath the sheet so badly, but at the same time, he wanted to make sure Eddie got the chance to sleep in; he'd been working a lot of hours lately and came home exhausted. So Richie could wait a couple more hours until Eddie woke up naturally by himself.

But he didn't have to. Because pretty soon Eddie mumbled against his pillow, "Go ahead baby."

Richie felt like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar. He swallowed, wanting to be sure he heard right. "What was that, Eds?"

"I said, go ahead," Eddie repeated, a little firmer this time, but voice still groggy with sleep. "Touch me, or fuck me, or whatever you wanna do."

Richie let out a soft groan, sliding his hand down the curve of Eddie's back and sliding under the sheet. He appreciatively kneaded the pliant flesh of his cheek. "God baby, you're incredible."

Eddie giggled sleepily, hugging himself closer to his pillow as he hummed in content. "What're you gonna do about it?"

"I'll show you *what I'm going to do about it*," Richie growled playfully, nipping at Eddie's shoulder before rolling over and grabbing the lube from the bedside table. He threw the sheet off of Eddie and allowed himself a few moments to appreciate the sight of his perfectly round ass. Thoroughly coating his fingers, he brought one to trace over Eddie's hole, earning him the slightest breathy exhale. Richie made quick, but sufficient work of opening Eddie up, drinking in all the soft sounds of pleasure he emitted the entire time.

"C'mon Richie," he whined, still laying in the same position, but sounding much more awake now. "Put your cock in me already."

"Tsk, ts, ts, so bossy," Richie chided lightly as he grabbed the lube once again to lather himself up. As he stroked his cock, he swung his leg over Eddie's to straddle him and reached down with his unoccupied hand to part Eddie's cheeks. He whistled in admiration, even more so when he pressed the tip of his cock to Eddie's hole. Holding the base, he pushed forward and watched as the head sink in. He stopped, for a moment, to ease Eddie into it, and also to milk more gorgeous sounds out of him, which included him begging for more.

"Please baby. All the way," he groaned, shifting his hips back the best he could with Richie's straddling him.

Who was Richie to deny Eddie anything he wanted? So without another word, he sank the rest of his cock into Eddie, unable to help the loud groan that escaped his throat. He waited another quick moment to let Eddie adjust to the full length of him (which wasn't much bigger than average, but still warranted some time to adjust) and then moved his hips forward in a couple shallow thrusts.

Eddie let out a hum of approval, which quickly escalated into a loud moan as Richie began pumping the full length of his dick repeatedly

into him. He clung to his pillow desperately, rutting his hips down against the bed. "So good baby," he babbled freely, reaching back with his hand to rest wherever he could reach, ending up on Richie's hip.

Richie would've smirked with pride if he wasn't equally enthralled by both the sight of his boyfriend and the feeling of being inside him. He continued to thrust into him, building up a steady rhythm. He gripped his cheek for leverage and watched his cock disappearing repeatedly into him. "Fuck Eds..."

Eddie wore a slight smirk as he looked back, up at Richie. "Fuck me harder," he pleaded, hips frantically moving down against the sheets beneath them.

Richie obliged immediately, shifting his hips to what he knew was just the right angle and beginning to pound into him. He was rewarded instantly with loud, uncontrolled cries of pleasure. After a few well placed thrusts against his prostate, Eddie practically sobbed.

"Please baby, so close!"

Richie sped his hips up, thrusting into Eddie as quickly and consistently as he could. He wanted to reach down beneath Eddie's body and wrap a hand around him, but he knew that would impede on the rhythm he had going and the last thing he wanted right now was to prolong the release he knew Eddie was so desperately close to. Richie knew the feeling; he was close, so close to tipping over the edge. But he refused to do so before Eddie.

"Go on baby," Richie growled softly, leaning forward so that his warm breath tickled against Eddie's ear. "Come for me."

Eddie nodded frantically, burying his face into his pillow to muffle the cry of Richie's name as his body tensed and he finally came. He shivered involuntarily as Richie continued to thrust into him, still a rapid pace but not quite as hard as before. Humming in content, he pressed his cheek against the pillow so that he could see Richie out of his peripheral. His fingers grasped where they still rested against Richie's hip.

It didn't take much more than the sight of his boyfriend looking so blissed out to push Richie over the edge, snapping his hips forward one last time before stilling and spilling inside of him. He groaned softly in response to the whine of approval coming from the man beneath him. Richie leaned down to press a series of kisses all across Eddie's shoulders and back, letting the soft action distract him from the feeling of emptiness as he eased his spent cock out of him.

Eddie didn't immediately move from his position, content for a brief moment to continue resting exactly how he had woken up. That is, until his hips shifted slightly and he cringed at the feeling of his come on the sheets.

He looked up at Richie with a sheepish grin, "We're gonna have to wash the sheets."

Richie shrugged and winked, "Then maybe we should make sure they're *really* dirty first."

Richie woke that morning to the pleasant feeling of Eddie's hand lazily petting his cock. He inhaled a thick breath through his nose as he stirred further from his slumber. Before his eyes were even fully open, he let out a soft groan and then another at the feeling of Eddie's lips pressing hot, lingering kiss against his neck and chest. The first thing he saw when he opened his eyes was the way the covers moved from the motion of Eddie's hand, which was now fully wrapped around his hard length and stroking it intently. He must've woken up with some decent morning wood to already be this hard.

Richie reached over to grip Eddie's chin and pull him in for a slow, but deep kiss. "Good morning handsome," he purred against his lips.

"Mornin'," Eddie hummed in content as he continued stroking Richie's dick. Even though the speed was languid, the technique didn't lack, Eddie expertly twisting his wrist and swiping his thumb in just the right way that drove Richie crazy. He always joked that he could live off of Eddie's handjobs alone, not that he'd ever want to give up his ass or mouth, but even just his hand was sufficient enough to completely undo him.

"Going for the gold there Eds?" Richie joked, unable to keep his hips from bucking off the bed as Eddie repeatedly rubbed his thumb underneath the head, massaging small, purposeful circles.

"What does that even mean?" he chuckled, lips brushing against the stubble on Richie's jaw.

"If you keep this up, I'm gonna come," Richie explained, almost a little breathlessly, resting his head back on the pillow and allowing all the access he desired.

"So?" Eddie pressed, his hand sliding back down with ease (thank God for lube) to jerk him off in earnest. "What's so bad about that?"

"Doesn't give you any pleasure," Richie pouts, capturing Eddie's lips in another slow, lazy kiss.

"Says who?" Eddie challenged, his perfect pink lips curving up into a smirk. To prove his point, he pressed closer to Richie, letting the bulge in his briefs rut against Richie's hip; the action elicited the softest of whimpers from him and he couldn't help but satiate the part of his body screaming for him to do it again.

"Babyyyy," Richie whined, almost desperately, his fingers clawing at Eddie's hip. "C'mon, let me do something that'll make you feel good too!"

"Okay," Eddie agreed simply, his voice barely rising above a breathy whisper. He sat up until he was kneeling beside Richie, who's brows were furrowed slightly in confusion. Bracing a hand on Richie's bare chest, he swung his leg over to rest on the other side of him; right as he heard a groan of both understanding and approval from the man beneath him, he backed himself up until his ass was stationed right in front of Richie's face. He reached back down to resume his ministrations from moments ago, but before he could, a sudden moan tore itself from his throat and he lost all forms of concentration as he felt Richie's tongue eagerly lapping over his hole.

"Richie," he gasped softly, wrapping his hand around Richie's length and stroking the base while he lowered his lips to take the head into his mouth. He sucked intently on it, letting his tongue swirl around the tip. He didn't necessarily intend to suck Richie off entirely, which was fine because he knew what Richie liked and he knew that sucking on the head alone would get him there, easily. Especially considering all the vibrations from his constant moans.

Richie's fingers were digging into Eddie's cheeks as he used the hold to keep them apart so he could continue licking and prodding at his hole. "Eds," he groaned, pressing a kiss to one of his cheeks before murmuring the words, "I'm gonna come," against his skin.

Eddie moaned in delight at the confession and then again-louder this time-at Richie's tongue sliding into his spit slicked hole. His efforts doubled with the knowledge of Richie's impending release and he reached down to gently massage his balls, keeping the pressure firm as he continued sucking on the head. He felt the exact moment when Richie's orgasm washed over him, his balls tightening seconds before he felt the shooting of come into his mouth. He kept sucking and

moved his hand to pump the length until he was certain Richie was finished. In one fluid motion, he swallowed. He pulled back slightly, pressing gentle kisses against Richie's upper thighs, chuckling when he shuddered.

Richie's hands found their way to his thighs, gripping them and kneading the soft flesh as he continued to eat him out. He wrapped his arms around them and guided him to lean back, until he basically sat on Richie's face. Another thing Richie absolutely loved, if the consistent, muffled groans were any indicator. With a smirk, Eddie gently ground his hips down, his hand finding its way to wrap around his length.

"Oh baby," he moaned, his other hand reaching behind him to grasp at Richie's curls. "You're so fucking good like this. Letting me ride your face."

Richie nodded eagerly, somehow burying his tongue further into Eddie while his hands guided his hips to work down against him even harder.

"You're gonna make me come," Eddie gasped suddenly, speeding up the rhythm of his hand as he felt the coil in his gut grow tighter and tighter until it finally snapped and he painted Richie's chest and stomach with his come. A shiver ran down his spine before Richie finally loosened the hold on his thighs and allowed him to shift forward. He moved to kneel beside Richie, his hand running over one of the small clean patches on his chest. "You okay baby? Got enough air down there?"

Richie was a little bit breathless, but he wore a wide grin, stretching ear to ear. "I am beyond okay," he said, a bit of loopiness to his voice.

Eddie laughed fondly, leaning down with the intention of kissing Richie but he stopped right before their lips could connect. "Let's get you into a shower first."

Author's Note:

This was written for a prompt on tumblr. More to

come soon. Hope you enjoyed it!!